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SPAIN AND CUBA.

AFTER the lapse of a year from the rising against QUEEN ISABELLA, it cannot be said that the prospects of Spain have improved. The Royal Government had become so discreditable and oppressive that general sympathy was felt, even in foreign countries, for an enterprise which would have been morally justifiable if only it had been politically expedient; but repeated experience has proved that, although revolutions are sometimes indispensable, they ought, except in the last resort, to be avoided by prudent politicians. Even the model Revolution of England resulted in dynastic uncertainty, which, after two or three insurrections, lasted for the greater part of a century. The far more fundamental change of French institutions has, after eighty years of incessant change, left even the form of government in doubt. Spain purchased at the cost of a bloody civil war the constitutional throne of ISABELLA II., which it was at last thought necessary to overthrow by another act of extra-legal violence. The purpose of the promoters of the last revolution was probably patriotic, but they committed the grave error of overthrowing the established Government before they had provided themselves, even in theory, with an alternative. After several months the Cortes, acting in concert with the Provisional Government, determined on retaining the form of monarchy, but the person of the future sovereign was still left uncertain. Although the resolution in favour of monarchy is still formally in force, the power of the Republicans, who were a year ago an insignificant minority, has perhaps become already paramount. The municipal government of the principal cities is in the hands of Republicans who openly avow the intention of using their authority for the establishment of their favourite system. In a disturbed community, a party which is both professedly and really ready to fight is almost certain to prevail over disunited and hesitating adversaries. The Regency of SERRANO may perhaps be tolerated for the present, but the recent events at Madrid are not the only indications of the probable rising of the discontented Republicans. The public offices which are called the *Principai* were occupied by the armed populace at the beginning of the Revolution, and the building has since been garrisoned by volunteers. The Alcalde, or Mayor, of Madrid, who is also President of the Cortes, lately determined that the *Principal* should be no longer used as a military post. As soon as the garrison was withdrawn a large body of unauthorized volunteers took possession of the building, and threatened to resist by force any attempt to expel them. It was doubtful whether the loyal volunteers could be trusted in such a contest, which fortunately became unnecessary, as the intruders at last withdrew in deference to the advice of the editors of the Republican papers, who told them to reserve their blood for another struggle which they described as imminent. In Cadiz and Seville revolutionary movements are every day expected, and there can be no doubt that scenes of disorder will be renewed in Madrid. As the Republic means, in many parts of Spain, a general disturbance of proprietary rights, it will be forcibly resisted; and it is, on the other hand, certain that the choice of a King would be immediately followed by a Republican insurrection.

The Government can only rely on the army for the suppression of revolutionary movements, and their force, which has already been seriously diminished by the despatch of successive reinforcements to Cuba, seems likely to be urgently required for the defence of the island against a formidable enemy. Since the commencement of the rebellion it has happened, fortunately for Spain, that the Government of the United States was logically precluded from interference, by its own contention against England in the matter of the

Alabama. Although the Lower House of Congress with characteristic recklessness voted for the recognition of the insurgent Government, the PRESIDENT has been supported by the bulk of the Republican party in the maintenance of neutrality. Several vessels destined to aid the insurgents have escaped from American ports, but the most formidable expeditions have been baffled by the activity of the Federal authorities. Judicious politicians probably foresaw that Cuba would sooner or later be absorbed in the Union, and they have inferred that it was not worth while to violate international law for the purpose of accelerating the process. The American Minister in Spain was instructed to make overtures for the purchase of the sovereignty of the island, in the name of the inhabitants. Independence would, as in the case of Texas, be merely a step towards amalgamation, but it was supposed that a recognition of Cuba as a separate State would be less offensive to Spanish feeling than a cession to a foreign Power. A rumour that the Provisional Government was disposed to enter on the negotiation seems to have been unfounded; and although such a mode of settling the dispute might be in many ways convenient, nothing can be easier than to urge forcible reasons against a transaction which would not be theoretically defensible. The Spanish inhabitants of Cuba could only be compensated for the dissolution of the connexion with the Mother-country by a purchase of the whole of their property; and perhaps the national pride might revolt against a bargain which would virtually involve a confession that it was impossible to retain the colony by force. If the proposal has been accurately reported, there could be no ground of complaint against the American Government for making an offer in the ostensible character of a disinterested mediator; but the acceptance or rejection of good offices is not always a subject of free choice.

The instructions of General SICKLES appear to have included an alternative to be brought forward if the scheme of purchase were not approved. His latest communication has produced a storm of popular indignation in Spain, although its exact contents appear not to be accurately known. It is asserted that the American Government has threatened to recognise the insurgents, if the Spanish troops are not withdrawn from the island; and although the terms of the despatch have probably been misrepresented, the silence of the Government proves that the proposal which has been made is in the highest degree unpalatable to the REGENT and his Ministers. According to the version which seems to rest on the most credible authority, the interference of the United States is founded on the allegation that atrocious cruelties have been perpetrated by the Colonial Government and by the loyal volunteers. General SICKLES demands that the contest shall be conducted in a less inhuman manner, and if his advice is repelled, he intimates the intention of his Government to recognise the insurgents, if not to assist them in their enterprise. The reported severities are entirely in accordance with Spanish traditions of civil war; and it is possible that the policy of the United States may be dictated by purely philanthropic motives. If any European Government had professed an anxiety to mitigate the sufferings of the Confederates, their remonstrances would have been denounced as hypocritical insults. The Spaniards are not disposed to give the Americans credit for purely benevolent feelings, and there is a clamour in favour of the employment of all available forces for the suppression of the rebellion. Carlists, Republicans, and all other classes of malcontents are implored to postpone their movements, that the army may be at leisure to reconquer Cuba before the Americans can take a part in the contest. It is not impossible that some of the patriots who demand reinforcements for Cuba would not be unwilling to deprive the Government of

the services of the army at home. It is only with the aid of a strong military force that the RECENT can hope to maintain his own power or the authority of the Cortes against the growing audacity of the Republicans. Even the Carlists and the partisans of ISABELLA might become formidable if the regular army were on the other side of the Atlantic, and the failures from which the army would not be exempt would furnish conventional excuses for attacks on the Government. The general unwillingness to part with a colonial possession for the aggrandizement of a foreign Power is not less respectable than the indignation which prevailed in England against the revolted American colonies, and against their French ally; but the Spanish Government cannot fail to perceive that the sacrifice of the army would not be rewarded by the retention of Cuba. A dozen years ago Mr. BUCHANAN contended that Cuba ought to be acquired by the United States, both as a geographical necessity, and because it was required for the interest of the slave-owners. It will be still more agreeable to support the same conclusion by the opposite argument, that it is the duty of the American people to abolish slavery in a neighbouring island; and when there is a question of acquiring the territory of a neighbour, irresistible strength supersedes the necessity of verbal argument. It is difficult to understand how Spanish Creoles can wish to live under American rule, but the insurgent chiefs have proved that they are in earnest; and they must long ago have understood that independence would be immediately followed by annexation. Whether it is the true interest of the Americans to include in their Union alien and uncongenial populations, is a question which will be solved by future history.

#### THE VICEROY AND THE SULTAN.

NOTHING can be more submissive than the answer of the Viceroy of EGYPT to the SULTAN's letter. If words meant anything, the attitude of the Viceregal mind would be all that the most despotic master could possibly desire. Absolute subjection to the will of the Sublime Porte has been, is, and will be the law of the VICEROY's existence. His one desire has been to show forth his appreciation of his master's goodness. If he has solicited any privileges, it has been to further the general interests of the Imperial territory. If he has invited a Sovereign or two to the opening of the Suez Canal, it has been in virtue of his position as the SULTAN's deputy. If he has gone about Europe paying visits and enjoying receptions, he knows that he would never have got his invitations if he had not been dependent upon his superior. If he has spent a little money in buying ironclads and similar luxuries, it has only been in order to devote himself unreservedly to the happiness and prosperity of Egypt. Nothing but unjust accusations could have turned the SULTAN against so admirable a servant. Still the VICEROY is not unhappy. In the dignity and justice which so highly distinguish the SULTAN he discerns a sure guarantee that the purity of his motives will be acknowledged. If the Sublime Porte has felt any irritation against its servant, it is founded on a mistake, and it will only endure for a moment. As soon as the truth is known, the VICEROY will be in higher favour than ever. The SULTAN will restore and even increase the good will which he has hitherto condescended to bestow upon him.

It is not wonderful, however, that the SULTAN should show but a very qualified disposition to do anything of the kind. Viewed as a promise of obedience, the VICEROY's letter is certainly incomplete. He is provided with admirable arguments for doing what the SULTAN wishes him not to do, and he takes for granted throughout that, as soon as the Porte has heard his reasons, conviction will follow as a matter of course. From first to last he has never been in the wrong. He has known the SULTAN's interests better than the SULTAN knows them himself. If he has ever seemed to act in opposition to them, it has been from the force of circumstances. It is true that the Egyptian troops did leave Crete before the war was over, but they only did so because the Porte had contributed nothing towards their expenses, and Egypt could not afford to keep them there any longer. The VICEROY had to make two ends meet, or, in the grand monarchical language he prefers to use, "to establish an equilibrium in the Budget"; and for this purpose he laid the matter before his Council, and left the date of their return to be "fixed by a Ministerial decision." Then as to the mission of NUBAR PASHA, which has put the SULTAN so terribly out of temper, all the VICEROY has to say is that the Porte knew of it long ago, and that it has been rendered necessary by the wonderful progress Egypt has made under the SULTAN's "auspices." That the VICEROY

has not gone beyond the limits of the privileges granted to him by the SULTAN's condescension is evident from the consent of the European Powers to NUBAR PASHA's proposals. No one can suppose that the friends and allies of the Porte would have any hand in infringing its sovereign rights. Again, though the VICEROY is grateful for the SULTAN's profound remarks upon the relation of luxury to civilization, he says nothing about giving up his extravagant habits, and devoting himself to getting rich. Instead of this, he indulges in a long demonstration that Egypt is already civilized, from which he evidently means it to be inferred that she has acquired the right to be luxurious. The SULTAN has invited him to concentrate his efforts on developing the resources of the country, and securing the lives and property of the inhabitants; and the Porte can urge this policy on its vassal with all the advantage derivable from familiarity with the consequences of neglecting it. But according to the VICEROY's own account, in describing what ought to be done everywhere the Porte has exactly hit off what is done in Egypt every day. Such a constitutional and financial paradise was never known to Mahomedans before. The Government was so good originally that it hardly seemed to admit of improvement, but, to make perfection still more perfect, an Assembly of Delegates has been instituted in which the elected representatives of the people "seek out the true interests of the country, deliberate upon its general wants, control the revenues and the expenditure, and watch over the management of the administration." At this point it seems to have occurred to the VICEROY that he too might be a political philosopher. The SULTAN had moralized upon luxury being the effect of civilization; the VICEROY insists that civilization is the result of education—we should rather say, of "the progress of the sciences and the propagation of enlightenment." Egypt is not less fortunate in this respect than in the matter of constitutional progress. Old schools have been re-established, new schools have been founded, pupils have been sent to all parts of Europe for better instruction. All these glories, however, yield in immediate importance to the financial triumphs which have been achieved under the VICEROY's rule. Official salaries are punctually paid every month, the public debt has been reduced, the finances are faithfully administered, there is no waste and no heavy taxation. Perhaps, if we heard the taxpayer's story instead of the tax-gatherer's, we might see cause to qualify this glowing picture, but since it is probably intended only as a hint to Turkey not to throw stones, there is no need to go into the question. As to the purchase of firearms and ironclads the VICEROY is charmingly frank. Commissions have been appointed both in Egypt and Europe to decide upon the best weapon for the army, and their inquiries have resulted in the adoption of an "arm of recent invention." The ironclads ordered two years ago are not yet finished. The cost of these changes has been authorized by the Assembly of Delegates, and the changes themselves are justified by the additional security they afford to the Turkish Empire.

So far, therefore, as matters have yet gone, the VICEROY's submission resolves itself into empty words. Of the points on which the Porte insisted he does not concede one. His explanations are in most cases merely a repetition of the offence which suggested them. He withdrew the Egyptian troops from Crete because his Ministers objected to spending any more money on the expedition. But that the VICEROY should presume to have Ministers at all, and that the Egyptian finances should be regulated without regard to the wants of the Porte, are held to be high crimes at Constantinople. Then as to the mission of NUBAR PASHA, it is very well to speak of it as necessitated by the progress which Egypt has lately made, and to attribute this progress to the happiness of having the SULTAN for a master. But there is progress and progress, and the SULTAN may reasonably fear that if this sort of thing goes on much longer Egypt will be improved out of the Empire. So, again, as to the purchase of ironclads and breechloaders. While it suits the VICEROY's purpose they can be described as intended for the protection of Turkey as well as of Egypt, but this is a matter on which the Porte has an opinion of its own, and that opinion evidently is that there are some protectors who are worse than enemies. All this has, it appears, been commended in grave diplomatic phrases to the VICEROY's attention. His assurances of loyalty are accepted, and an opportunity is offered him of proving them by something better than words. He is invited to sell his ironclads and breechloaders, or, at all events, to hand them over to the authority for whose benefit they are alleged to have been bought. The taxation of Egypt is to be reduced—not so much, we may be sure, from any sympathy with an overburdened people, as



from a dislike of the uses to which the money may be put. The VICEROY is to hold no more direct communication with foreign Governments, and to give up the luxury of keeping Ministers. And, above all, he is to borrow no more money. If he complies with all these conditions, his recent conduct will be overlooked, and he himself will be allowed to remain in Egypt—at all events until the Porte feels itself strong enough to remove him. What is to happen if the VICEROY does not consent to these terms is not stated. Probably the affair, after giving occasion for several more letters on both sides, will dwindle down into a compromise. The VICEROY, it seems, is not unwilling to hand over his ironclads on their completion, and take the chance of being able to break his promise when the time arrives for keeping it. He will sell his breechloaders, in the tolerably certain hope of being able to buy more if he wants them. He will renounce direct communication with foreign Governments, and negotiate with them indirectly whenever it suits his purpose. He will give up his Ministers, and call those who have borne the title by some other and less imposing name. All he stands out for is the right of contracting loans abroad and levying taxes at home. Still it will be strange if, by some expedient or other, the decisive quarrel is not postponed *sine die*. The Porte's wish to coerce the VICEROY into submission is probably chastened by an unpleasant distrust of its ability to make good its threats. The VICEROY's resolution to throw off the yoke of his suzerain must naturally be modified by his doubt whether, under present circumstances, he can carry his desire into effect. When these are the relative positions of the disputants, it may be reasonably believed that the materials for a temporary compromise can hardly be far distant.

#### MR. BRIGHT ON KNAVES AND SIMPLETONS.

THERE is much truth both in Mr. BRIGHT's classification of a large portion of the community, and in his further assertion that the knaves prey upon the simpletons; yet on reflection he would probably admit that the attributes which he contrasts are often united in the same persons, as Miss BECKER's plants become bi-sexual under the influence of a parasitic fungus. Whether eminent leaders of the extreme Liberal party happen to denounce dishonesty or to ridicule imbecility, they always identify the immediate objects of abuse with their Tory antagonists. Mr. MILL declared that Conservatives were stupid, in the same spirit in which Mr. BRIGHT asserts that they are practising on the stupidity of others. When some unwise person writes a pamphlet in favour of Protection it is easy to say that "the Tory party is always driven to these 'tricks; they cannot otherwise appeal to the multitude." It would seem, therefore, that arguments in favour of Protection are calculated to win popular favour, although Mr. BRIGHT was two or three years ago successfully urging the claim of the multitude to supreme power on the ground that the majority were the best judges of public expediency. It is possible that the Tory party might, under certain circumstances, resume the advocacy of a commercial policy which is more in accordance with their traditions than Mr. DISRAELI's scheme of household suffrage; but at present the Conservative classes have no interested motive for desiring Protection, and they are, in fact, unanimously favourable to Free-trade. Sixty or seventy years ago the manufacturers were the warmest supporters of high tariffs, and at a somewhat later period the landowners and farmers demanded protection for their own produce. The manufacturers have long since discovered that they could afford to compete with foreigners in the markets of the world, and, for the purpose of cheapening production, they attacked, and ultimately destroyed, the agricultural monopoly. The obvious impossibility of reviving the Corn-laws has converted landowners and tenants into Free-traders, and accordingly their representatives allowed the repeal of the last protective duty on corn to pass during the present year without opposition. Any relapse into the old-fashioned heresy would involve a tax on the growers of corn for which there would be neither a real nor an apparent compensation. If the Tories are really trying the trick of promoting a protective tariff, they ought to be described rather as simpletons than as knaves.

Unfortunately, the extinction of the old Protectionist party has not put an end to their fallacious doctrine. It was only through the accidents of soil and climate that the English aristocracy became adherents of an unsound economical system. If England had been a corn-exporting country, they would never have been misled by selfish considerations into the errors which they have since finally renounced. In the mistake and the injustice of preferring producers to

consumers they were subject to a bias which now affects a more numerous and still more powerful body. Producers are numerous, and they are easily organized, while consumers, who, in other words, are the whole of mankind, are often ignorant of their own interests, and almost always unable to defend themselves. In England, for the present, Free-trade principles are dominant, because they were established at the cost of a privileged minority, and also because the wise policy of the middle classes has hitherto survived their abdication of power. In all the great English-speaking democracies Mr. BRIGHT's Tory tricks are practised with perfect success, and with the eager support of their victims. It may be doubted whether Mr. BRIGHT himself would have been a zealous Free-trader if his early economic triumphs had not been rendered sweeter by the knowledge that they were achieved at the expense of the aristocracy. The scandalous perversity of American tariffs never impairs his devotion to the people of the United States and to their institutions, nor was his effectual agitation for extension of the franchise checked by the policy which results from universal suffrage in Australia. Even if the vigour of Mr. BRIGHT's intellect had secured him against the delusion which prevails among many of his followers, it is certain that apostasy from the orthodox faith in Free-trade is most commonly to be found among nominal members of the Liberal party. Sir C. DILKE, in his book called *Greater Britain*, which, notwithstanding its absurd title, is neither dull nor altogether uninteresting, exhibits a wavering faith in Free-trade which indicates a strong tendency to total apostasy. The public opinion of England is still strong enough to restrain his avowal of theories which had evidently mastered his understanding when he was locally affected by the opposite public opinion of the United States and of Australia. The knaves of the Southern and Western Continents are at least as fertile in sophisms for the use of indigenous simpletons as the most ingenious advocates of the English Corn-laws. Sir C. DILKE quotes, with professed candour and with evident sympathy, their fine phrases about the duty of providing careers for young men, of cultivating a variety of occupation, of becoming independent of foreign commerce, and generally of preferring a pretended social duty to sound economy. The organs of the English landowners were in the habit of declaiming with at least equal plausibility on the necessity of providing the farm-labourer with work and wages, and on the danger of starvation if foreign imports of corn were interrupted when there was no sufficient provision at home. The American manufacturers and the Australian workmen, whom some intolerant Free-trader might rudely describe as knaves, would be delighted with the credulity of a disciple who really believes that a Pennsylvanian iron-master or a Massachusetts cotton-spinner sells his wares at double their value because he thinks it expedient that there should be a variety of conditions in a well-organized community. Intelligent young gentlemen who have but imperfectly mastered the rudiments of political economy, and who think that a belief in democratic nonsense is a proof of liberalism, are the best possible missionaries who can be employed by knaves for the conversion of simpletons.

The agitators who are recognised by the most active portion of the English working-class as political leaders are not less thorough Protectionists than if they lived in New South Wales or in New England. Mr. APPLEGARTH and Mr. LUCRAFT adhered to the resolutions of the so-called International Congress at Basle, which, although they are primarily directed against capitalists, really amount to a declaration of war to consumers. Iron-masters wish to make iron dear; landlords formerly made corn dear; and the members of the Congress wish to produce exactly the same result in dealing with labour, which is their only saleable commodity. It seems that "the prosperity and human dignity of the working-classes require 'the absolute destruction of the middle-class (*bourgeoisie*) as 'a separate class'; 'the prosperity of the middle-class is 'incompatible with the welfare and liberty of workmen'; and probably it may be inferred that, in spite of the aspirations of Sir C. DILKE's prompters, no diversity of conditions is to be allowed in the democratic Utopia. The members of the Congress take a pledge that they will never enter the ranks of employers; and, as it may be assumed that they will not tolerate the existence of an idle possessor of property, when they have destroyed tradesmen and manufacturers the whole world will be exclusively filled with artisans and labourers. The Congress, still nominally enjoying the approval of the English delegates, foresees with good reason the probability of having occasion to enliven universal robbery with a certain amount of murder. The Congress will "first try universal 'suffrage; if it fails we will have recourse to more efficacious

"methods. A little blood-letting is sometimes necessary in 'desperate cases.' The assembled workmen have at least the merit of dispensing with the cant of Sir C. DILKE's Protectionist teachers. Looking exclusively to the interests of their own class, they shrink from no crime which may be necessary to the accomplishment of their purposes. In anticipating the failure of universal suffrage they virtually admit that they know themselves to be a minority; and yet they perhaps underrate the capacity for evil of the great modern panacea. Mr. RUSKIN, and other feeble and fanciful propagators of Socialism, have sometimes expressed a belief that the destruction of capitalists would not involve the extinction of capital; but men have hitherto earned and saved only in the confidence that they would possess their accumulations, and it will be long before International Congresses alter human nature. The comparative good sense and plausibility of the speeches of the English delegates may perhaps be consoling to national vanity; but, as Mr. APPELGARTH and Mr. LUCRAFT concurred in the most extravagant resolutions for the abolition of property in land, their conclusions are evidently as subversive as if they had been deduced from the wildest Continental maxims. It is highly improbable that property in land would survive ownership of capital, although both institutions would inevitably revive after an interval of plunder and anarchy. The more the working of selfish motives is observed in various specimens, the less will even the most amiable economists be disposed to quarrel with Mr. BRIGHT's just and significant nomenclature. There are always knaves who endeavour unfairly to promote their own interests, and simpletons who are induced to assist their efforts; and, as CIBBER served the King as poet and also as fool, the knave and the simpleton are often combined in one.

#### FRANCE.

THE excessive uneasiness of the last fortnight in France has been quieted by the EMPEROR's recovery; and now that the *Senatus Consultum* is voted and done with, nobody knows what will be the next step in the reconstruction of the Empire. Indeed, to all appearance, nobody cares to know. After the exciting speculations of which the sick room at St. Cloud was the centre, mere political discussion seems tame by comparison. There is no need to grudge the French people that little interval of quiet which they are now enjoying. Their affairs are likely to give Europe abundant matter for reflection at no very distant period. The approaching Session of the *Corps Législatif* will probably demonstrate that the movement which resulted in the *Senatus Consultum* has not spent its force. Unless the EMPEROR is prepared to let the work of the last few weeks go for nothing, he must construct a new Ministry before the Chamber meets. The existing Cabinet is obviously a mere stop-gap. It has not the advantages of the constitutional system, for its members do not fairly represent the majority either in the country or in the *Corps Législatif*. It has not the advantages of the personal system, for it does not contain M. ROUHER. The more the difficulty is looked at, the more formidable it appears. The EMPEROR must act with some reference to Parliamentary precedents, or he will get no one to believe in his professions of having turned over a new leaf. And yet to what quarter is he to turn for help? There is very little chance that any leading Democrat would accept office under NAPOLEON III., and there is still less chance that any Democratic constituency would re-elect a representative who did so. With the writers and politicians who are classed, not very appropriately, in the category of Orleanists the EMPEROR might have better success, but, with the exception of M. THIERS, they have nearly all failed to secure seats in the new Chamber; and a Ministry with M. THIERS at its head would be too undisguised a resuscitation of the system which the Empire supplanted. The Third Party furnishes M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER, but it furnishes no one else, and it is no disparagement to that self-estimating politician to say that he is hardly of that calibre which would lead the world to forget that his colleagues were so many lay figures. Even when all obstacles have been finally surmounted, and a responsible Ministry has been got together, it may turn out that the difficulty has only been moved a step further off. The new Ministry must have a programme. It must meet the *Corps Législatif* with a distinct intimation of its intentions on several important points. No considerable section of Frenchmen regards the recent constitutional changes as anything more than an improvement of Parliamentary machinery. They are only means to an end. The *Corps Législatif* has been enabled, by the removal of various restrictions to claim a far larger

share in the conduct of affairs than has hitherto belonged to it. The Deputies have no option but to take advantage of their newly bestowed freedom. The same motives that led them to demand permission to work will ensure their working now that the permission has been granted. Those of them who have gained the opportunity which they have so long desired may be trusted not to let it lie idle, while those who are chiefly anxious to protect themselves against the coming reaction will be eager to associate their names with something more popular than the votes by which they were formerly content to register the decrees of M. ROUHER. A Ministry which is to keep on good terms with such a Chamber as this must give it plenty of employment.

One question of great moment will immediately force itself into prominence. Nothing is so inconsistent with the theory of representative Government as any interference on the part of the Executive with the conduct of the elections, and hitherto, except in a very few constituencies, it has been the practice of the Imperial authorities to interfere to the utmost of their power. The system of official candidates is in itself an instance of this, and besides this the Prefects have brought all kinds of influences to bear on the electors collectively and individually. Ministers will probably be forced early in the Session to declare categorically whether they mean to abandon these practices for the future. If they decline to answer, or answer evasively, they will lose the support of the whole Opposition, as well as of a large section of the Third Party. If they declare that elections will henceforth be conducted without any candidates being sent down by the MINISTER of the INTERIOR, or any special instructions being issued to the Prefects, the announcement will be tantamount to an admission that the existing *Corps Législatif* does not fairly represent France. When once this is conceded, a dissolution must be granted as a matter of course, and a dissolution followed by a really free election may have consequences of extraordinary magnitude. No one can possibly say what would be the composition of a Chamber which really expressed the views of the French people, but it would be little short of a miracle if it did not differ in important particulars from that which now exists. Another matter on which the Cabinet will shortly have to make up its mind is the immunity of public functionaries from prosecution on account of their official acts. So long as this provision remains in the Constitution, individual freedom can only be enjoyed at the pleasure of the Government, represented in this instance by every ignorant or spiteful official who may happen to have the ability to annoy you. But though the argument against the provision is impregnable, its abolition would introduce a change the extent of which it is very hard to estimate in the relations between the Government and the people. When public functionaries are shorn of the divinity which now hedges them, they will be different beings from what they are.

The difficulties which must be encountered in reconstructing the Constitution are not lessened by that undisguised disbelief in the permanence of the Empire which has manifested itself during the EMPEROR's illness. The system which a year ago was supposed to have been accepted by the great majority of Frenchmen turns out to have hardly a friend. The most accomplished of living critics has lately come forward with an explanation of this curious fact. M. SAINTE-BEUVE writes as a friend of the Empire from its foundation, and he finds no fault with the treatment he has received from it in return. But he points out that in this respect he has stood alone among the intellectual classes. The schools are hostile, the Academy is hostile, the Institute is hostile, the artists are hostile, the men of letters are hostile. The Empire has taken no pains to conciliate any of them. It might have had writers without number on its side if it had only been at the trouble of providing them with a career. Even if it had founded a review, or started a good newspaper, it would have been something. By paying attention to these simple expedients, a wise ruler would have won to his service all the younger talent of the country. It is natural that M. SAINTE-BEUVE should entertain this opinion of his contemporaries. He is a fox who has parted with his tail, and he argues that the other foxes would have made a similar bargain if they had been offered similar terms. In this, we are sure, he does injustice to his educated countrymen. The peculiar temperament possessed by M. SAINTE-BEUVE enables him to look with a feeling bordering upon dislike at every manifestation of political or moral conviction. He has a well-grounded faith in his own literary judgments, but upon every other subject he is an absolute sceptic. If this were true of the whole literary class in France, their support would not be worth the having. It does not follow, because their alienation



has done harm to the Empire, that their adhesion would necessarily have benefited it. If it had been given genuinely and without arrangement, no doubt it would have done so; but if it had been given as a matter of compact, it would have lost all its value. In intellectual warfare mercenary troops are powerless to win lasting victories. Even if they have convinced themselves of the truth of what they say, they will not be credited with having done so, and consequently they will convince no one else. The Empire was founded on the abnegation of those very qualities which are most essential to literary greatness— independence and freedom; and the man who consents to give up these at the bidding of a Government in matters of politics is not unlikely to find that he has sacrificed them also in matters of literature. If the Imperial Government had acted as M. SAINT-BEUVE advised, it might have found that it had only raised a regiment of useless recruits.

#### THE BISHOPS' RESIGNATION ACT.

THE contrast between the Anglican and Roman Churches has been urged under a multitude of aspects, historical, controversial, dogmatic, and the like. Such comparisons are not exactly within our scope; but there is a certain practical aspect in which this contrast displays itself at the present moment which is not without its interest, and this particular form of contrast reflects much credit on Canterbury as compared with Rome. No doubt both Lambeth and the Vatican are just now passing through the same sort of troubles or trials anyhow. It is a day of sifting for all ecclesiastical traditions. The old bonds between Church and State are loosened, and all but severed. The conflict between modern thought and modern policy, which ranges far beyond the conflicting claims of revelation and science, pervades the whole civilized world. Now there are two ways in which the Church may treat a vast fact of this kind. The one is to draw the line of partition between what is called the Church and the world with greater precision, and to make a clean cut between the two. This is to reduce the great existing controversy to a practical system of Manicheism, where all the good is on the side of the Church, and all the evil on the side of the world. But to say this is really to say nothing. It turns the problem which has to be solved into a mere juggle of the terms in which it is stated. It is saying nothing to announce that it is the Church's duty to oppose the world, when it has been assumed that the world, as it is, is all evil. And yet this is precisely what is done by the Holy Father with his Syllabus and his famous *Non Possumus*. There lies a fallacy and a misconception of the very nature of the Church at the root of this policy of mere deprecation and opposition. And more than this, it is contrary to those principles and that mode of action by which Christianity has in past ages absorbed civilization. The idea of the Church by virtue of which, from the time of the Apostles, it has won its triumphs, is that it was governed and inspired by the highest Influence, who knew what was in man, who recognised humanity and society as it was, and its growing and advancing spirit, and constantly adapted the practical relations of the Gospel to the history of human kind. The preaching to the Gentiles, and the whole spirit of ST. PAUL's teaching and practice, is nothing more than a large and long example of the Church adapting itself to the various conditions of human society. If the Church as a matter of fact had not done this, it would have been a Jewish sect and no more. But the Church, throughout its history, did the very opposite to what Rome is doing now. The world, society, thought, and government to which the Church addressed itself in the first century was one thing; the world, society, thought, and government to which the Church addressed itself a thousand years afterwards was another thing. The Church, however, met these opposite conditions of life with equal success. Why should it not do so now? If the present Pope meets contemporaneous facts with a shriek and a shudder and a passing by on the other side, or with a fierce denunciation of war to the knife, this is certainly what the great men who reared the towering fabric of the Church of the middle ages did not do. They ought, it would seem, to have ignored the Europe of the middle ages, and have gone back to apostolic times and conditions of life. They were not such fools; or rather they had living confidence in their Christianity, and knew that it could adapt itself, and that if it was to prevail till the end it would and must adapt itself, not only to all sorts and conditions of men, but to all changes, social, political, and intellectual. How comes it that the Church of Rome has changed that liberal policy—and, as its enemies would say, that policy of expediency and compromise—by which it suited itself to the

emergencies and changes of the world? Probably because Rome got thoroughly frightened in the sixteenth century, and has never recovered its presence of mind since. Anyhow, if the policy of simple, blank, unreasoning opposition adopted by the Papacy since that time is right, the previous policy of Christendom was wrong.

The present moment is one which serves to bring out the two different lines of conduct. Here, in the United Kingdom, we have just witnessed a blow of the severest kind dealt by the State against an Established Church. And how is this blow and assault received? Naturally enough—and we may add properly enough, as far as the Irish Establishment is concerned—with protest and indignant reclamation. It could not be otherwise; it ought not perhaps to be otherwise. But the Synods of Armagh and Dublin exhibit a very different spirit from that which prevails in the Roman Consistory. Had the Anglo-Hibernian Church professed Roman doctrine, it must have been possessed by the present Roman spirit. DRS. BERESFORD and TRENCH could not have done less than excommunicate the QUEEN, and they must have dealt with Mr. GLADSTONE even as with CAVOUR. This is exactly what the Irish Church has not done. The leaders fought and protested and argued as long as they could, and with all earnestness and ability. But they had to own themselves defeated. Still they had confidence in themselves; and they are now adapting themselves to the situation. They strained every nerve to retain all that they could retain; and small blame to them for their pertinacious and prolonged defence. They were told, sometimes in the spirit of consolation, sometimes perhaps in taunt, that the only way of showing that they believed in their own Divine mission was to accept facts. This challenge they have accepted, and they deserve the credit of possessing and acting upon common sense as well as the honour of maintaining a high principle.

It is because, more or less, and because more rather than less, the later Church of England has always acted in the same way that it still maintains so much of its immense influence. The Bishops' Resignation Act is a case in point. No doubt this measure, though very decorously framed, and with great consideration and delicacy in details, is a very considerable innovation on what are generally called ecclesiastical principles—certainly on all ecclesiastical practice. No doubt the Act does not deprive incapable and inefficient Bishops, but it puts the strongest compulsion on them short of mere force. The Episcopate is, in the highest ecclesiastical estimate, so very sacred and awful a thing that it is profanity to touch this ark, even to preserve it from tumbling into the mud. What the State has done by the recent Act is this: to point out to the Bishops that there are great and flagrant abuses—some actual, some impending, and perhaps increasing—which it is high time should be put an end to for the present, and prevented for the future. The State invites those most concerned to see to it. The Act is only a provisional and temporary one, and addresses itself only to a certain number of Bishops. But it means a good deal. It means that office and dignity are trusts, and that the State will take care that those trusts shall be fulfilled; that the high office of a Bishop involves duties ranging over a vast field of actual work, and that if any man accepts this high office, he must henceforth do so on the condition of finding it perhaps in the end a most unprofitable office. No doubt the Act does not compel any Bishop to avail himself of it; but it does put the strongest moral compulsion on him. In passing such a measure it would be almost impossible not to come into conflict with some respectable or even valuable ecclesiastical traditions. It is said to embody some constructive simony; which it may well do, as simony, according to the Canonists, is a very elastic and comprehensive matter indeed. If it is simony, as according to some pedants we believe it is, to procure a benefice by soliciting a patron, it may well be, for aught we know, simony to resign a benefice by retaining a pension out of it, or to retain a dignity while assigning a portion of its revenues to another. These subtleties may look refined, but they exist. They, or something like them, are canonical objections to the late Act. And it is quite certain that such difficulties may be very seriously and honestly entertained by those to whom alone they can present themselves. Nor is the Act altogether perfect in other matters. Were we disposed to question its provisions, we should say that three thousand a year is a most inadequate endowment for an English See which, by the terms of the case, is in a neglected and disorganized state. And yet this is all that the Bishop appointed in the place of an incapacitated Bishop has to start with. Matters, we think, would have been much simplified by saddling the common Fund of the Ecclesiastical Com-

missioners with the 2,000*l.* per annum pension assigned to the retiring Bishop. The same objections, *mutatis mutandis*, we are disposed to think, apply to the stipend of 2,000*l.* a year payable to a coadjutor Bishop, whose appointment is in certain cases compulsory on the incapacitated Bishop.

The Act being this, and being open to legitimate objections—objections, however, far outweighed by the demands of public policy—it is, we think, highly creditable to the English Bench that the Bishops of WINCHESTER and BATH and WELLS at once availed themselves of its provisions. The Bishop of EXETER, who has also announced his intention to resign his see, it appears has exhibited the greatest hesitation in the matter; probably because the Bishop of EXETER knows more about Church law and ecclesiastical principles than any one of his brethren. It is unfair to one who has left an indelible mark on English Church history to believe him to have been actuated by low motives; and it ought to be remembered that many years ago, under the PALMERSTON Government, the Bishop of EXETER proposed to resign half his revenues on condition of the establishment of a bishopric for Cornwall. However, all's well that ends well; a shower of mitres is impending, and as bishoprics are not nowadays sought with the avidity which recommended them as Sleepy Hollows of the Church in the days of GEORGE III., they are likely to be well filled up. Anyhow, the way in which the Act has been received by the English Bishops is, as we said, a strong and creditable contrast to the *Non Possumus* of Rome.

#### THE HARVEST.

THE immense importance to all classes of the community of accurate and early information as to the produce of the wheat harvest induced us a month ago to put before our readers, at a period somewhat earlier than our wont, the best estimate we could at that time form of the results of the wheat harvest then being gathered. That opinion was formed just when the crop was in greatest jeopardy. Rain had been falling for many days; great excitement prevailed in Mark Lane; and there is no doubt that, if the rain had continued, the country would have had to pay for its imported corn many millions sterling more than now appears probable. The fine weather, however, arrived at the very nick of time, and the crop has been for the most part put under cover, comparatively dry, and in good order, but still not nearly so dry as in really fine seasons; and it is thought that, when the damp, foggy days of winter arrive, the new home-grown wheat will require a large proportion of dry foreign wheat to make it fit to grind, and to produce flour that will make good bread. It is said to produce a "weak" flour; that is, a flour of a quality deficient in gluten, and therefore one that, when baked, makes small loaves of a close texture, instead of large loaves of a spongy formation, and that gives less bread from a certain quantity of flour than when the flour is "strong"—that is, rich in gluten. And it is also reported that the wheat produces less flour than in ordinary years; whether it be from greater thickness of skin, or that, from imperfect drying, the flour adheres more closely than usual to the coat. At any rate, taking the two points together, skilled persons assert that not less than five per cent. more weight of the wheat of the 1869 crop, than of that of 1868, must be used to produce a given weight of bread; and five per cent. on the consumption of the country is as nearly as possible a million quarters, so that, trifling as it seems, this deficiency of quality will cost the country, at present values, about two millions and a-half sterling, or twice and a-half as much on wheat alone as the duty remitted by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on all sorts of corn, if that estimate be correct.

But the great question is as to the yield of the crop in quantity, and we have reason to congratulate ourselves that, so far as facts have been ascertained, they confirm the early estimate which we ventured to put forth. It is, however, even now a very difficult thing to come to a decided conclusion on the matter. The produce of the wheat crop is so very variable that not only in districts perfectly dissimilar one from another, but even in the same fields, planted at the same time, with the same seed, cultivated in all respects in the same way, one part is found to yield abundantly while in another part the crop is a complete failure; and what is very annoying to those who like to assign reasons for successes or for failures is that the causes of these differences cannot be ascertained. The quality of the soils, the state of the drainage, the aspect, have all been suggested in vain as explanations of the mystery. We confess we have no solution of the problem to offer. The wet winter, proverbially bad for growing wheat, would affect all parts of a field alike; there may,

however, have been some differences in the time of development of the plants, and the late frost may have affected the plants in a forward stage while those more backward may have escaped. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that in the sum total the country has this year a most irregular crop of wheat. And it is also right to say that the latest accounts are perhaps less promising than the earlier ones. While Mr. MECH reports an average of 44 bushels per acre on his farm, there are multitudes who say that their threshings have yielded less even than 20 bushels per acre, and some say that they have not 10 bushels. The loudest complaints perhaps come from the great corn-growing counties, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Mr. LAWES of Rothamstead, whose experimental fields have been found to represent in most years the general crop of the country, says:—"The peculiar feature of the 1869 crop is the remarkable contrast which is to be seen in crops growing side by side, and to all appearance cultivated alike. Some fields present a magnificent appearance, with height of straw and bulk of produce rarely surpassed, while others are thin and root-fallen. These circumstances make it rather difficult to arrive at a definite figure which shall most nearly represent the crop of the country." He draws the conclusion, from the consideration of all his experimental threshings, that "the wheat crop of 1869 is slightly below the average in quantity, and that it will be also deficient in quality as estimated by the weight per bushel." He describes all his wheat crops, however, as standing up at the time of cutting, and therefore he does not get into his account the laid or root-fallen crops, which have everywhere turned out to be the worst. We consider his estimate too favourable. Mr. LAWES appears to think that the acreage under wheat is less than last year; other authorities think the acreage may be at least equal, if it be not greater, than last year. It is an important point, and one that ought to have been settled for the public by this time. The returns for Ireland, taken in June, were issued last week, and it does appear that there must be great slackness in our Statistical Department in failing to give at any rate the gross totals of the most important returns before the middle of September. And if this can be done in Ireland, there can be no reason why it should not be done in Great Britain. Ten per cent. more or less acreage under wheat means, with an average crop, nearly a million and a-half quarters more or less grown at home, and between three or four millions sterling more or less to pay for foreign wheat. But, whatever the acreage, the balance of testimony goes in favour of an estimate of the yield bearing a proportion to an average certainly less than Mr. LAWES's estimate, which is as 27 to 28½.

There is, we must admit, the weight of the authority of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE against our opinion, for, although he does not commit himself to figures, he looks to the "good harvest" "to restore health to the general trade of the country." Mr. BRIGHT is the only man who has published an opinion that ventures to describe the harvest as a good one. To write of an inferior harvest as being a good one is either to be very ignorant, or very careless, or very reckless. It is expected from an agitator that his facts will be coloured to suit his arguments, and we accordingly examine his statements with doubt and suspicion; from the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE we expect no statements but those that rest on solid foundations. He, of all men, is in the best possible position for obtaining trustworthy commercial information, and when he tells that there has been a good harvest, we ought to be able to receive his statement without doubt or reservation, as unimpeachable. But when we know that what he speaks of as a good harvest is a rather poor one, or when he makes elaborate apologies and excuses for those who adulterate our food and our drinks, or when we see that he hands over the lives of the travelling public entrusted to his care to the tender mercies and economies of railway directors, we cannot escape the conviction that Mr. BRIGHT was more in his place as an agitator than as President of the Board of Trade. There is, however, in this matter of the harvest, an excuse for his—let us charitably say—error. Curiously enough we believe that we are able to put our finger on the source of his information. He is not in this instance a victim of the "tricks of the Tory party," but, as we conceive, he has come to grief by depending on "a high-class Liberal newspaper," as it describes itself. Mr. BRIGHT's letter is dated September 8. On September 6 the *Daily News*' most prominent leading article was upon the subject of the harvest; and although on careful perusal the language appears guarded, and no positive opinion is given, yet we venture to say that the impression made upon a reader who glanced through that article, as busy men do glance through newspaper articles,



would be that the harvest was a good one, and that the dealers in Mark Lane were doing their best to exaggerate its bad features. And the wickedness of the merchants is suggested by the statement that "the country markets were all down on Saturday," and that "a fall of 2s. to 3s. on Saturday is at least an instructive and encouraging comment on the prospects of a bad yield and low quality which are so generally kept before us." Strange to say—and it is scarcely credible that so well-conducted a journal as the *Daily News* could allow its writers to be so careless of their facts—of the dozen or so markets held on that Saturday, and reported in the columns of the same paper on the same day, there is scarcely one that does not quote an advance of 2s. to 3s. Perhaps, after all, Mr. BRIGHT is not so much to blame as the high-class Liberal newspaper.

Though the corn harvest was well secured in the southern and midland counties before the rain came last week, in the northern counties and in Scotland we find that the crop was still in the fields. The low temperature prevents all fear of its sprouting, but the thorough soaking it must have had from the heavy rains will prevent it from being available for use until it has been a long time in the ricks. In the south the ricks have suffered considerably, being first stripped by the wind, and then saturated by the rains. And the moist rain-laden air has been driven by the force of the wind into the very heart of the ricks. We must expect to hear less favourable reports of the dryness of the corn than we have had hitherto. But how the hearts of the growers of roots must rejoice! They (the roots) were languishing sadly for want of water, but now the bulbs will swell into the big juicy roots that delight our beeves and muttons when grass is no longer to be had. And the sportsmen, both shooters and cub-hunters, welcome the rain that affords the wished-for scent for their dogs. The rain comes too late, it is thought, for a large autumn growth of grass. Although the hay crop was large, the grass has grown very little since it was cut, and perhaps, after all, the produce of the meadows will not be on the whole more than that of average years. Barleys have been garnered in excellent order, and the crop is sufficiently large to bring down the prices from the high rates of the last seasons. Brewers have had a hard time of it, as the materials of their beers have been costly, and the price of the beer remains the same whatever may be the cost. Cheaper barleys will be a boon to them, and although the home crop of hops promises badly, yet the imports from abroad are now so large that the fluctuations in price are not so great as in former days. It is said that a large percentage of the barleys does not germinate in spite of their fine appearance, but it is somewhat early yet to pronounce upon whether they will or will not make good malt. Horse corn and the pulse crops are poor. Although hay should be cheaper, we shall not be able to save much on our stable bills, unless we do as the London General Omnibus Company have done, substitute maize for oats. It appears from their Report that during the summer they have used no other corn than maize for their working studs, and that by its use they have made a saving of 14.172%. in the half-year. As the imports of this corn have been, and continue to be, very large, with a large hay and root crop in hand we need be under no such apprehension as troubled us last year as to the sufficiency of keep for our stock. There is plenty of it to be had, and at a moderate price.

#### DANGERS OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

IF the arrangement and composition of Mr. TIDD PRATT'S annual volume about the Friendly Societies present an unfavourable contrast to the methodical treatment and lucid style which distinguish analogous documents in France, it cannot be denied that the Report just issued contains much to interest and instruct the reader. And there is much in it which ought to interest the working-classes. In it they will find the history of some associations which would seem to have been established expressly to pillage them, and the statistics of others which, ostensibly established for their benefit, appear to be really as ruinous in effect. But the working-classes read little, and never read anything which runs counter to their prejudices. So these Reports will continue to appear periodically until some great catastrophe forces their contents upon the attention of the operatives, or until some of their trusted leaders condescend to glean from them facts for the edification of their followers.

The Report is far from complete. At the same time we admit that, if it had been complete, it would have been inconveniently bulky. And the absence of lucid and methodical

treatment is doubtless due to a cause which will be learned with general regret—the illness of the Registrar. But this is not the sole cause of the incompleteness of detail. A more significant and operative impediment is to be found in the obstinate determination of many of the Societies not to return any answer to official inquiries. In December, 1868, the Registrar sent out to the different Friendly Societies 22,026 forms of annual returns of funds and effects. Of these only 12,263 were returned, and of these, again, 1,901 were incomplete. Here we may note that our old acquaintance, the Royal Liver Society, abstained from making any return at all. Perhaps, after the disclosures of last year, it has shown in this respect admirable discretion. Whether the Directors of a Society which numbers thousands of members consults its permanent interests in shielding its proceedings from publicity is a question which the members themselves will perhaps be better able to answer hereafter than they are now.

Among the curious items of this heterogeneous compilation is the history of a small Insurance Society which the Registrar has refused to let die among the forgotten records of the daily papers. The National and Provincial Union Assurance and Loan Society illustrates the speculative capacity of the British flunkey. Fired by the brilliant exploits of OVEREND and GURNEY and the Liverpool Bank, GEORGE EDMUND REID and EDWARD JONES conceived the ingenious notion of getting up an Insurance Company which should receive premiums but pay nothing to insurers. Agents were employed in different parts of the country, and the Society prospered. Big as was its name, it did not satisfy the necessary conditions of its existence. As it acquired new fields of enterprise, it abandoned its old designation and took others in succession. But under whatever name it flourished its policy was the same, to enlarge the number of its insurers and pay nothing to the insured. One of the inducements by which it allured the public was the issue of a prospectus in which Eaton Square and Bolton Street figured as the addresses of three Directors. WALTER TAYLOR and HENRY BROOMHAM were butlers in Eaton Square. The advantages of such an address were too obvious to escape the sagacity of the ingenious gentlemen who projected the Society. Consequently WALTER TAYLOR and HENRY BROOMHAM—we presume, dubbed "Esquires" for the occasion—were placed by the enterprising Secretary on the Board. With these was associated Mr. W. HEATHER, "housekeeper" of Bolton Street. Although they do not seem to have solicited, these gentlemen certainly do not appear to have repudiated, the honours of the directorate, till the situation became somewhat hotter than they liked. As to the assent of their masters and mistresses to this parade of their residences, they did not give themselves any trouble about that. They probably thought that they had no less a right to give their master's house as their own address for any assignable purpose than the butler of Colonel RICH thought that he had to share his master's venison pasty. It is only to be regretted that this pleasant little comic episode of flunkey life should have constituted a scene in a disastrous tragedy. The plan which Messrs. REID and JONES concocted, and Messrs. BROOMHAM and TAYLOR unconsciously abetted, must have brought utter ruin to many beside those who had the spirit to prefer their complaints in open court.

In behalf of this and similar societies there is one plea which, though it means nothing, is sure to be advanced. Many persons will say, in what respects is the National and Provincial Union Assurance and Loan Society worse than a score of other Insurance Companies, detected and undetected? In what way are its attractions more meretricious or fraudulent than theirs? Are not fashionable streets and great squares paraded as the residences of other Directors not more responsible than Messrs. BROOMHAM and HEATHER? All this is perfectly true. It would also be very much to the point if the question were one of pure speculation as to the comparative morality of middle-class and lower-class Companies. There is, we fear, not a pin to choose between them. Messrs. REID and JONES are the antitypes or imitators of a class of financiers belonging to a higher sphere in the commercial world. Messrs. BROOMHAM and TAYLOR are the doubles of the Lord HENRYS or Sir JOHNS who allow their names to figure for a time as decoys on the Boards of very speculative Companies. There is no more integrity in the Belgravian "swell" who connives at the appearance of his name among the Directors of a rotten association which is to delude middle-class speculators, than there is in the Belgravian butler who gives his master's address to allure the washerwoman or greengrocer into an insolvent Insurance Company. But, while the moral qualities of the agents are the same, the effects of their conduct are different. The persons who have been ruined by Liverpool or British Banks, by Finance or Tea Companies, knew at the

time the risk they ran. They deliberately blindfolded themselves and took a leap in the dark. They knew that the promised ten or fifteen per cent. could not be warranted by any principles of honest management. Yet they lulled their common sense of right into a deceptive slumber, and woke to meet the punishment which they had earned. They have suffered, but not through unavoidable ignorance, nor from want of due warning. They may blame the rascally dishonesty of others, but their own stupid infatuation is equally to blame. Not so with the shareholders or policy-holders of bogus Companies like the "National and Provincial Union," &c. &c. &c. These are for the most part very poor, very ignorant, very credulous persons, easily duped by plausible manners, high-sounding names, and grandiloquent promises of future gains. They have neither the means nor the opportunity for inquiring into the composition of the concerns to which they give their hardly-earned savings. For them protection is as much needed as it is for helpless childhood or aged infirmity. They wish to be frugal, thrifty, provident, and to escape the fate of being a burden on the poor-rates in their old age. The very effort they thus make is their snare and stumbling-block. They are betrayed into a worse poverty by a laudable attempt to escape from present poverty. This is ruin to their fortunes and their hopes. But it is also something worse. It is a fruitful cause of despondency to the thrifty and provident among the poorer classes. It kills out all hope of earning a future independence by present labour and self-sacrifice. It substitutes a hard, callous recklessness for a hopeful and cheerful prudence. It turns men and women who once had a genuine love of honest independence into sots, beggars, and thieves. The mere pecuniary loss which fraudulent Companies inflict on the middle classes is not to be compared with the moral evil which they bring on the poorer classes. There is no social evil to be so much dreaded in England as that reckless desperation which turns for support, from self-exertion and self-sacrifice, to alms, casual charity, and casual theft. And this desperation is the first bitter fruit of these wretched swindles.

It is for this reason that we think public acknowledgment is due to Mr. RICHARDS for having taken up the cause of the Friendly Societies in Parliament. We believe Mr. RICHARDS is an advanced Radical and Dissenter; but, did he exaggerate the disagreeable features of each of these characters to the most formidable extent, he would still be entitled to public thanks for his efforts in reforming these mismanaged institutions. Did he do nothing more than perpetually remind the House of Commons that societies like the Royal Liver spend in management nearly 16s. for every 20s. that they spend in relieving their members, and that societies like the Victoria Legal spend in management 3l. for every 1l. spent in relief, he would be performing a really useful work. He would gradually shame Parliament into interference, if he did not succeed in shaming these societies into self-reformation. But none of the class ought to be allowed to continue incorporated unless each submitted an annual statement of its accounts to some public officer, and unless it could show that it possessed sufficient funds to meet the legitimate demands of its subscribers. That some measure of this kind is absolutely required is plain from the statements published in the last year's Report of the Registrar, from which we gave copious extracts at the time. Many of the Friendly and Burial Societies therein enumerated were clearly in a state of utter insolvency, and their insolvency means the utter ruin of thousands of working-men's families. We often wonder how it is that no "intelligent operative" ever seems to consider, or ever induces his fellow-workmen to consider, what proportion of their wages is intercepted by fraudulent societies, by bad beer, and by worse spirits. How much of the 330,000,000l. annually earned by the industrious classes is lost between the temptations of the ale-house and the fallacious seductions of these wholesale impostures, is a question the approximate solution of which might teach the English workman a twofold lesson—first, to distrust the representations of his pretended friends; next, to trust more to his own self-reliance and self-support, and to those institutions of his country which would keep his money safe for him, and give him moderate interest at the same time. Until he has learned this lesson he will remain the slave of three bad masters—the Union, the dram-shop, and the pawnbroker. And we are not without hope that future gatherings of English working-men will produce some men acute enough to see and bold enough to denounce the real grievances which depress them as a class, and which keep them in a state of fitful agitation between thriftless extravagance, hopeless indigence, and unmanly querulousness.

## LADY PALMERSTON.

THE character of Lady PALMERSTON has been described in the *Times* by a writer who was evidently well acquainted with the subject of his essay. On his authority, and on the evidence of general repute, it may be assumed that no more capable person has ever presided over a political and fashionable drawing-room. Lady PALMERSTON properly devoted all her energies to the promotion of her husband's interests; and in cultivating his popularity she both served his party, and incidentally she contributed to the comfort and good-humour of a large and various society. The tact, the temper, and the general accomplishments of a statesman's wife are advantages as legitimate as birth or fortune, or a dignified personal bearing; and it happened that Lady PALMERSTON, after her succession to the estates of her family, possessed the means for exercising a splendid hospitality. As Foreign Minister in the Cabinets of Lord MELBOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord PALMERSTON possessed great power, while his pecuniary circumstances were still comparatively narrow; but it is probable that Cambridge House and its mistress had something to do with the uncontested supremacy which he enjoyed in his vigorous and genial old age. The privilege of mingling three or four times in a season with a well-dressed crowd, of shaking hands with a Minister, and of bowing to his wife, is not perhaps extraordinarily valuable; but the leader of a party is less likely to be thwarted by an habitual guest than by an austere stranger who happens only to be a political adherent. The Cambridge House receptions afforded Lord PALMERSTON an opportunity of exhibiting the cordial demeanour which he had probably cultivated the more sedulously because he found it natural and easy. His own personal sympathies were, as he showed on more than one occasion, exclusively aristocratic; but probably all the world, beyond the limits of his own private circle, was to him equally welcome and equally indifferent. It was the business of his wife to avoid for him as far as possible all occasions of giving personal offence, and it would seem that she discharged her duty with remarkable skill. Although Lord PALMERSTON took no interest in literature, its representatives were admitted to his house, if their success had given them social position or political importance. All guests who were worth courting and winning were gladly received, and those among them who were distinguished by rank or by personal eminence served the additional purpose of acting as decoys to the common herd.

It may well be believed that the organization and management of such assemblies required feminine ability of a high order. A cynic or a political purist might object that there is no reason why a man should govern a great country because he has a clever wife; but it is not easy to disentangle the gifts of Fortune from the other conditions of power with which they may happen to be intertwined. Lord PALMERSTON would probably have been Prime Minister if he had been unmarried, or if his wife had been an unambitious recluse; and if he was indebted to Lady PALMERSTON for any portion of his political triumphs, the result which she may have achieved was not necessarily inconsistent with the public interest. Knowledge of human nature, displayed personally or by deputy, is not an insignificant qualification for the rulers of men; and it is especially necessary where political power is concentrated in the hands of a privileged class. The relative importance attached respectively to measures and to men varies largely in proportion to the numbers of those who share directly or indirectly in the Government. The House of Commons intuitively trusts its ablest leaders, although they may perhaps discountenance plausible changes in legislation or in politics; and the constituencies, on the other hand, judge a Minister by the comprehensive nature of his professions, and to a certain extent by his performances. For them the gifts and graces of a statesman's wife whom they will never see possess no possible attraction. With the enlargement of the electoral body the personal preferences of members have become comparatively insignificant. A statesman who has alienated half his followers, or who needlessly irritates his adversaries, may defy discontented adherents as long as he enjoys the confidence of the country. The change is not wholly advantageous, for the nearest observers are the best judges of character, and men are, in an assembly which governs instead of merely passing laws, even more indispensable than measures. It is highly improbable that Lady PALMERSTON should ever have cared for political doctrines. If the doors of Cambridge House were once more open, it would be almost useless to conciliate members who know that they will be rigidly called to account by their constituents; yet voluntary support is, on the whole, preferable to compelled obedience. It may perhaps have been



partly the merit of Lady PALMERSTON that in her time there were no Caves or tea-room secessions. The kind of influence which she exercised is not to be confounded with the mischievous interference of intriguing women in Courts or Cabinets. It was never suspected that she had any object except the exaltation and security of a husband who reserved to himself the choice of his political course. When a woman who has got the ear of a King or of a powerful statesman fancies that she has political or religious convictions of her own, she becomes an intolerable nuisance. The disgraces of LOUIS XIV.'s later life were largely attributable to the piety of Madame DE MAINTENON; nor are more recent instances wanting of female pressure exercised in the same direction. In England, since the Revolution, the power of Royal wives and mistresses has been restrained within narrow limits; and it happens that Ministers have never allowed the reins of government to pass into female hands. Between the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH and Lady PALMERSTON it would be difficult to find any statesman's wife who was supposed to have any perceptible share in his elevation, and with all her faults the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH was exclusively loyal to her husband. Fox, who willingly accepted the worship of ladies of rank, always contrived to inspire them with a devotion to his own person which was wholly independent of his principles or his policy. In the next generation Lady HOLLAND used her utmost efforts to promote the interests of the Whig party, without affecting interest in any doctrines except those which her friends happened to profess.

It is difficult to imagine the existence of an American Lady PALMERSTON, although many women in the United States may possess the same kind of faculties as fully. Even a President's wife would have a less distinctive position, and she would have to deal with more impracticable materials. It would be hardly worth while to win over Senators and Congressmen when the next election would probably remove them from power; and the Conventions and election agents who are the ultimate sources of power are not to be reclaimed by drawing-room blandishments. As the English Constitution approximates gradually to the American standard, social influence, which is naturally and properly administered by women, will become less and less effective; but as long as aristocratic candidates enjoy an advantage in the competition for office and for power, there will be room in a narrower and contracting sphere for competent successors to Lady PALMERSTON. The minor diplomacy of ordinary intercourse is most skilfully managed by women, and it is their proper function to make up quarrels, or rather to avoid them. The most virtuous of Ministers will prefer an acquaintance to a stranger, and a friend to a private enemy, and the man whose wife has the best judgment and temper is likely to have the smallest number of unpleasant collisions. The mistress of a house which is frequented by the most eminent members of society has a cheap bribe always at her disposal. Even if some ROLAND the JUST, with ribbons in his shoes, rejects her overtures, he probably prides himself on his patriotic self-denial. Yet it is necessary that the model wife should, if possible, teach her Minister not to thwart her well-meant efforts by defects of manner or of temper. The chief ornament of Lady PALMERSTON's drawing-room was Lord PALMERSTON himself, who, according to his well-informed eulogist, always shook the hand of a guest with a special air of gladness, even when he was unacquainted with his face and his name. The flattering recognition which implied no personal knowledge seems to have been regarded as satisfactory by the sternest Liberals; and it would have been unwise to throw away so easy and convenient an instrument of popularity. Lord MELBOURNE, who was incomparably superior to Lord PALMERSTON in refinement, in cultivation, and in the speculative qualities of intellect, was, notwithstanding his equally genial disposition, far less widely popular. His wit, his original way of thinking, and his natural sincerity would perhaps have been more readily appreciated or tolerated if an adroit wife had supplied the commonplace requisites of social intercourse. Lord PALMERSTON threw all his powers into practical business, and in his hours of recreation he was content with the level of any company in which he found himself. It was a satisfaction to an ordinary member of Parliament to find that a formidable Minister was in private life apparently little more than his equal. Lady PALMERSTON made the most of highly favourable opportunities, enforcing by example the moral that tact is one of the most useful of qualities, and that, more than any other virtue, it is certain to be appreciated.

## MIDDLE LIFE.

A RECOMMENDATION contained in the Report of some possible Royal Commission on the Marriage Laws, to the effect that for the future no woman should be permitted to marry under twenty, and no man under thirty years of age, would occasion, in all probability, a good deal of remark. A note appended to the recommendation by a leading member of the Commission, dissenting from it on the ground that while in his opinion the marriageable age for women might be reduced from twenty to eighteen, that for men ought to be raised from thirty to thirty-seven, would certainly render it desirable, for the Commissioner's personal comfort and satisfaction, that he should abstain from going much into society during the season, and should leave off reading the newspapers. Meanwhile he could "applaud himself at home" as he reflected that he had been supporting the amendment which Aristotle had proposed in his scheme for the regulation of States as a substitute for the enactment which had been suggested in the earlier treatise of Plato, and which we have supposed to be adopted by the majority of the Commissioners. If the dissident proceeded further to reason that the principle on which Aristotle had laid the greatest stress in the *Politics*, in opposition to the theories of Plato's *Republic*, had been that in all legislation it was not sufficient to consider what might be best in itself, without taking into account how far it was practicable or possible, since a statesman, like a shoemaker, must produce his results out of actual and not hypothetical leather; and that, therefore, a law forbidding a man to marry till he was thirty-seven must have appeared practicable in the judgment of one of the greatest thinkers and keenest observers in the ancient world; it is to be feared that the argument would not stand the modern philosopher in very good stead, and that the mind of Belgravia would remain still unconvinced. And yet Aristotle had been perfectly consistent with himself. He had ridden his hobby, in this instance, over a strange country, in which it had rather ignominiously broken down; but the theory that a law of perfection which governed every condition and action of a man's life would be found in some way to be exhibited in the powers of the life itself, had at least a strong inherent probability to recommend it. If in moral and intellectual life the true excellence, or virtue, should be found invariably midway between two extremes, the same rule might naturally hold good in physical life, and a man's middle years might be his best years. Hence the wisdom of the legislator, discerning in the perfection of family life the secret of perfection in the body politic, would provide that the citizen who undertook the responsibilities of the headship of a family should be well settled down in middle age. Occasionally among recent writers of fiction we may find this social condition accepted, when Boaz at forty is left at the end of the third volume rejoicing in the discovery of a Ruth of eighteen who, even without the maturer experiences of widowhood to guide her, has elected not to follow young men, whether poor or rich. But in these scattered instances it is more than probable that the modern Ruth, or the authoress of her being, has scarcely been a free agent, and that she has only been sent to seek her fortune in the fields of Boaz because there was nothing left to glean in the trampled stubbles of three- or four-and-twenty, the hero of forty having been called to the rescue in sheer despair of getting otherwise anything like a new plot. Fiction, and a literature which aspires to a higher expression of thought and feeling than fiction can compass, have as a rule agreed in ostracizing the middle-aged man. He is outside the pale. He has sunk from the light of sentiment and enthusiasm, and is grovelling in some low, earth-stained, miserable track. He will emerge from it, and rise into the light again, when his head is silvered, and his form bowed with the weight of age; but the mid-time is a time of lapse, instead of perfection, and represents the Aristotelian maxim turned inside out. Life, regarded from this point of view, presents very much the appearance of our midland cider-countries; loveliest and most alluring in their May-time with a fragrant brilliancy of blossom, and bright in a subdued and mellow beauty when the autumn has brought its rich hues of fading leaves and ripened fruit; but all through the intervening summer days dull, colourless, and uninteresting, bearing a crop as unattractive to the eye as it is sour and repulsive to the taste. The summer noon, not in its "deep silence," when the "soft shower" of "a gracious rain" is about to fall, but in its weariest aspect of dust-choked highways and shadeless glare, has been chosen as furnishing a type of the middle age of man in pages to which we are accustomed to turn for pictures of human life on its brightest and most hopeful side. But the *Christian Year* belonged to an earlier period of its author's life, before he had reached the stage which seemed so weary in prospect; and the ever-increasing beauty and charm of his own advancing years supplied perhaps the best practical refutation of his theory of middle life when yet unattained. Its "bowers" were not found "mute" nor "its fountains dry" in him; and the merit of his poetic description is thus to be sought, not in its truth, but in its affording a beautiful imaginative setting to the picture of middle age as it is popularly represented, and as it probably appears in prospect to most men when they are young.

"Ο παλαιός, τοῦτ' εἶναι σάφες—"What every one thinks must be true." We do not dispute the soundness of so ancient and philosophic a maxim. Only it is well not to confuse it with its modern substitute and supposed equivalent, that what every one says must be right. There is a time to keep silence, which generally arrives when a man's experience begins to hint to him that he has talked

a good deal of nonsense already; and middle-aged people, like the wolf in Red Riding Hood, get into a way of not talking much, that they may think the more. It need not follow, because nobody takes the trouble to contradict the Babel of the undergraduates' gallery when it pronounces middle age to be a mistake of nature, that therefore the play-time of life has really exhausted the capacity for enjoyment, and has left no "sweetness" to be experienced in its working years, till "the old man's rest" has brought with it the "soothing calm" of labour completed. If the years after forty had nothing else to offer in the way of quiet enjoyment over the time measured by half their number, there would still be something in the occasions which they bring for listening with an amused tolerance to the eagerly proclaimed discoveries in the science of life which have been thrown away on a hundred generations only to be picked up again with a more confiding ardour as the next tumultuous crowd rushes out of the schoolroom. It is always a hard and ungracious thing to spoil illusions. They will melt away by themselves soon enough. The spirit of iconoclasm has received satisfaction sufficient on the breaking up of a man's own idols, as they lie in scattered fragments behind him; and he may well leave the following generation to worship theirs in peace till the fatal day arrives for their destruction in their turn. And if this were not so, what then? What earthly good would result from impressing, in solemn terms, upon the understanding of eighteen and nineteen, that it was of no particular use to the world in its present condition, and that though at some future time it might be worth its salt to society, and therefore was worth preserving, yet just now society could go on a great deal better without it, experiencing much less trouble, and being put to much less expense? The faith of eighteen, that society exists simply for its sake, and revolves round it and its perfections as a centre, would not be in the smallest degree shaken, and the undergraduate of to-day would continue to cherish the same firm persuasion of the Bæotian benightedness of his father which, five-and-twenty years hence, his son will cherish in reference to himself. Nor would the true enjoyments which attend on middle life gain anything by the attempt, even if it could be successful, to demolish the castles in the air of the earlier time.

But if the satisfactions which attend on matured manhood were not both more solid in kind and higher in degree than those of any preceding age, it could hardly be doubted that not only the canon of the Aristotelian ethics was at fault, but also—we speak, of course, only of the promise of the life that now is—that the fault was shared by the purer code of Christian morals. The higher energy is directed to the higher end, and the resulting enjoyment must of necessity be of the higher order. If we do not care to disturb the complacent conviction that the ornamental element is of the greater importance to the world, and that it is the privilege of the seven years between eighteen and five-and-twenty to contribute it, we do not the less resign the consciousness that the real work of the world and its actual burden is borne on the Atlantean shoulders of an age which does not profess to be ornamental, and to which the girth of its waist has long ceased to be a matter of anxiety. To have left one's mark in any way upon the history of one's own time, and to have been instrumental, though in a very moderate degree, in bringing on some problem of society towards its solution, is the result of a higher effort, and brings in consequence a higher satisfaction, than that which belongs to a place in the College Eight, or to a respectable score at Lord's; and the condition of happiness will be higher accordingly in the middle-aged than in the younger man. If it be objected that the instances in which the man of middle life is of real use to his time are few, and that the great majority of such men are, even if they do not give a lower tone to the society in which they live, still useless as far as concerns any benefit that might be conferred by them, the reply is obvious—that, in the comparison between the ornamental and the useful, the objection holds equally on both sides; for if it be true that the majority of older people are not useful, so neither are the majority of their juniors ornamental, English youths being for the most part awkward, and English girls very often plain. But it is in the highest region of morals that the contrast between the energy of the younger and that of the more advanced life is most distinctly shown. The effort which is exerted for the sake of others is loftier in motive, and therefore brings a better reward in its result, than that which has simply for its immediate object a man's own advancement. And in ordinary life—for the exceptions to so general a rule need not be taken into account—the effort of our earlier years is for ourselves, and that of our later years for others who depend upon us. There is a keen and deeply-reaching sense of satisfaction in the feeling which belongs to the advancing rather than to the opening years of manhood, that one's removal, whether by death or by disabling infirmity, from a place in active life, would bring with it to others a manifest loss and grief. It is a "fearful joy" perhaps, but still it is a joy to a man to know that he would be long and sadly missed from his place in the world, because the knowledge, in its present application, comes to him as an assurance that his presence and work is a stay and support to other and weaker lives. His own personal burden of care is all the more easily borne while he has the daily spectacle before him of lives passed without care, and in enjoyment of the present without anxiety for the future, on the security of the power and permanence of his own support. It would not be easy to find, in the earlier stages of life, a satisfaction as pure and as able to bear the test of examination as this. It is one which belongs peculiarly to middle life. In later age it must of necessity pass away, as the

power of affording support to the lives of others diminishes with the lessening need which exists for it. If its fading light is unperceived, it is only because a brighter glow, emanating from another source, is shining on the years of failing physical and mental power. We have avoided the comparison of middle with more advanced life, because it would lead beyond the range of our present inquiry, which is concerned only with the mean between the visible extremes of youth and age, and with the depreciated value which popular estimation assigns to it, regarded from the point of view belonging to the earlier extreme alone; for the common expressions of compassion—to use no stronger phrase—for the middle-aged never proceed from the old. They belong entirely to the period which, not possessing the lessons of experience for a guide, undertakes the solution of all problems by the light of nature, with very much satisfaction to itself, and with a good deal of quiet gratification to others who have themselves learnt better after much floundering in the same quagmires in their time. No one would regret more sincerely than the best class of men in middle life any abnormal development, in this respect, of foresight and maturer judgment among their juniors. The refusal of sugar-plums at three years old in consequence of hygienic doubts as to the influence of saccharine matter on the coats of the stomach, or a deputation from the fourth form to protest against the infliction of an extra weekly half-holiday, lest it should interfere with future prospects for the Balliol or the Civil Service, would scarcely be a more alarming portent than the expression of a deliberate wish, on the part, let us say, of a maiden of eighteen, to taste the sobered delights of forty-five. Nothing, we can assure our fair readers, can be further from our thoughts than to desire that they should waste their charms and their toilets on the grizzled bald-headed bridegrooms to whom the author of the *Politics* would have condemned them—except, perhaps, it be the wish that a bridegroom of thirty-seven should be fated to share his lot with so unformed and empty-headed a creature as the average modern maiden of eighteen.

#### MOUNTAIN ARCHITECTURE.

IT is customary to publish yearly criticisms of the works of art exhibited in the various galleries of the world. We have not the same motives for a periodical discussion of the great masterpieces which are permanently open to public inspection. That part of the pleasure of criticism—of course a very minute part—which is derived from the probable sufferings of the victim operated upon is not in that case to be enjoyed. It is, however, desirable to dissect occasionally the dead, as well as the living, subject. Though Raffaele or Titian cannot be supposed to care greatly for our opinions, much is to be learnt from analysing the sources of their power over our imagination. And, on the same principle, we may occasionally venture a criticism upon some things which are not reckoned amongst objects of art, only because they have not been produced by human hands. Our admiration, for example, of a mountain is very similar to that which we feel for a picture, or, still more, for a pyramid or a cathedral. In endeavouring to describe mountain scenery we slide unconsciously into the use of architectural language; mountains, like buildings, have their spires, their domes, and their buttresses, and many of the elements of influence are the same in both cases. A vertical cliff affects us in a similar manner whether it is the result of natural or of artificial causes. Many principles of grouping and composition are equally applicable to both. And it is to be regretted, in the interests of good taste, that the public appreciation of high art has been vitiated, in one matter at least, by indiscriminate eulogy. Every one who undertakes to describe a mountain seems to fancy that he is raising his own character for sensibility to natural beauty (a quality which is just now rather over-estimated) by piling up the most exaggerated superlatives. "You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth," seems to be the motto of all these would-be enthusiasts. The mountains cannot blush, or many a peak would be anxious to sink behind its neighbours in sheer confusion at the preposterous eulogies bestowed upon its charms. At times a person may be found sufficiently frank to confess that it is not enough for a big lump of granite to be two or three miles in height, and covered with a larger or smaller coating of snow, to make it perfectly beautiful. Indeed we have heard a man boldly avow that he thought the Matterhorn rather a preposterous freak of nature than a lovely, or even a sublime, object. But such courage seldom finds its way into print, and for the most part the tourist contentedly follows the lead of his guide-book, and tries to get up a new outburst of enthusiasm for every new variation on the old elements of rock and forest and snow.

To establish any satisfactory canons of criticism on this subject, it would be necessary to go at length into the very curious question of the modern mountain mania, to endeavour to determine what is its real meaning, and to decide how far it corresponds to a really deep-seated sentiment, and how far it is merely the product of a peculiar phase of society. Such a task would be obviously far beyond our limits; but two or three observations may be made which lie upon the surface of the question. Thus, for example, the admiration of barren and savage scenery, purely on account of its barrenness and savagery, seems to be obviously unreasonable. It is excusable for a cockney whose toes have been trodden upon for eleven months by brother cockneys to rejoice in a temporary freedom from his kind; though the pervading disposition to turn the valley of Chamouni into the likeness of Greenwich or Richmond



Hill, so far as hotels can do it, is a proof that that pleasure is seldom appreciated. But, in the long run, the beauty of scenery depends on its influence upon the human species; and the dislike which we feel to the visible symbols of the presence of mankind is only justifiable when there is a manifest want of harmony between them and the background. An hotel with billiard-rooms or gambling-tables produces a discord when placed amidst glaciers and Alpine meadows; but the chalet which seems to be as natural a growth as the pine trees beneath it only adds to their charm. Even the great carriage roads which cross the Alps add a certain dramatic interest to the valleys in which they lie; the skill with which they wind round cliffs, and the care with which they are guarded against avalanches and torrents, enable us to realize more vividly the tremendous forces in action all around them. The gorge of Gondo becomes more impressive when we watch the great Simplon road sneaking through the tunnels in its depths. Even the railways, whose intrusion is so pathetically deprecated, have a beauty which will be better appreciated when they have had time to lose some of their unpleasant associations. To a new generation railways will be as familiar as ordinary roads are to ourselves, and their appearance will be too natural to come with a shock upon our sensibilities. If, indeed, they bring with them an inundation of the vulgar order of tourists, they will be the cause of permanent annoyance to intelligent travellers; but there seems to be no intrinsic reason why a railway, like a carriage-road or a footpath, should not add a certain element of interest to the scenery it traverses. Without pursuing this inquiry, it is at least obvious that the power of mountain scenery depends to a great degree upon skilfully combined contrast. The sternness of bare wildernesses of ice and crag attracts us most when heightened and relieved by green meadow, purple forest, and valley reaches crowded with picturesque villages. The two or three Alpine districts which realize this contrast most effectively, such as the heads of the Italian valleys below Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc, and the passes at the foot of the Oberland cliffs, must always be reckoned as the great triumphs of mountain architecture. Nothing can be more perfect than those views in which the eye ranges from the chestnut trees and rich meadows of an Italian valley to the everlasting snows on the summits of the loftiest mountains. An illustration of the opposite kind may be taken from the now popular district of the Engadine. The zeal of recent discoverers has been excusably tempted to compare it with the familiar masterpieces of more established reputation. And it is true that even here some attempt has been made to secure an effective contrast. The flat valley of the upper Inn should afford a good platform from which to raise the towering peaks of the Bernina, as the new Law Courts are to look down upon the Strand. But there is a twofold fault in the design, which is fatal to its complete success. In the first place, the valley platform is at far too great an elevation, and not merely diminishes the relative height of the mountains, but gives to the valley itself a certain bleak and barren aspect which deprives us of the necessary relief. In the second place, the peaks, which are themselves deficient in abruptness, are set so far back that they lose much of the impressiveness naturally due to their height. For these reasons they will be put in the first class only by those unintelligent observers who confuse height with beauty, or calculate the figure of merit of a mountain merely by the number of acres of glacier which it supports. Much more may be done by skilful management with very inferior means. Pilatus, for example, is a very inferior peak in point of absolute height; but there is something in the contrast of its rugged ranges with the calm repose of the Lake of Lucerne which will always have a special charm for the lover of the picturesque.

This suggests another point of great delicacy in mountain architecture—namely, the proper use of water. It cannot be denied by the impartial critic that less than might have been expected has been made of lakes; and any one who has observed the beauty of a very inferior cliff on many sea-coasts, or on the borders of some of the Scotch lochs, will know how much may be done by a judicious employment of such materials. Nothing is more rare in the Alps than to see a mountain of anything like first-rate importance reflected in blue waters. Almost the only good example in the more travelled part of the country is the exquisite Oeschinen Lake beneath the cliffs of the Blümlis Alp; a very graceful specimen of even more graceful design is to be found in the little lake of Alleghe looked down upon by the dolomite mass of the Monto Civita—as yet too rarely visited. We have often wished that—if it could be done without too much injury to the inhabitants—a similar accident to that which only a hundred years ago produced this last work of art might take place at Zermatt, and the upper part of the Nicolai-thal be converted into a sheet of water to reflect the crags of the Matterhorn. Something indeed of a similar effect is produced in many cases by a delicate combination of glacier and rock. The Finster-Aarhorn rising above the Grindelwald glacier, or Mont Blanc as seen from the Jardin, are good examples of the kind. Another very beautiful instance is to be found in the Matterhorn. There is something terrible about the grim cliffs of that mountain, apart from its melancholy associations. But it can hardly be denied that, as seen from some points of view, it partakes almost too much of the grotesque; the mountain appears to be nearly toppling over its base, and has not the massive solidity of some of its rivals. From another side, however, and especially from the Zmutt glacier, this fault is quite redeemed by the delicate curve of the snow slope which contrasts so admirably with the rugged precipices above it. This may be called a touch of true genius,

and resembles a graceful buttress adding stability to the mighty tower against which it is relieved.

The criticism of single mountain forms would be endless. There are some to satisfy every taste, from those which recall the massive forms of Egyptian architecture, to the strange pinnacles which in the Dolomites and elsewhere seem to parody the wildest dreams of Gothic builders. No mountain, it may be said, is absolutely perfect. Few will bear inspection from all sides, and many are only beautiful on one. It seems to be as difficult to make a mountain as a statue which shall be graceful in whatever aspect it is regarded. One or two examples may here be given. The dome of Mont Blanc, and the noble pyramid of the Weisshorn, have the merit that it is impossible to take them at a disadvantage. The lines of the composition are so skilfully grouped that the traveller may make the complete tour of either, finding new beauties at every step. But the Jungfrau and the Wetterhorn are onesided mountains. The Matterhorn, from Breuil, becomes a mere shapeless heap of crags; and it is frequently distressing to the admirer of some favourite summit to see the distorted and almost deformed aspect which it assumes in some novel position. Even in the most perfect specimens the critic may discover some defects which would make it appear that the highest ideal has not yet been reached. Dante and Shakspeare have their faults; and we may venture to say that the rather commonplace lower story of Mont Blanc is scarcely worthy of the glorious dome which soars into the sky above it; and that the Oberland mountains would be manifestly improved if they rose two or three thousand feet higher above the gigantic wall to which they serve as battlements.

It is an ungrateful task to find fault with masterpieces. If any one should add that it savours of presumption to find fault with masterpieces, not of art but of nature, we can only add one very obvious moral. That mountains are not perfectly beautiful, only proves that mountains were not made exclusively to be looked at by men. If the world had been constructed entirely with a view to give pleasure to our eyes, it would probably have been very different; and many districts that we could mention nearer home would not have existed at all. As it is, we may be very well content with the pleasure to be derived from the noblest objects in existence, without denying that, like all the greatest human works, one part of their merit is that they enable us to conceive of something still more noble.

#### THE ROUND GAME OF SPECULATION.

THE moral of all investment would seem to be the uncertainty of earthly things and the vanity of human hopes. At its best and safest, it is a game in which there is more of chance than people are apt to fancy. If we ask illustrations of this, we have only to look around or before us. Around us we see so many cases of misfortune and mismanagement that one ceases to wonder at the trembling sensibility of capital. Looking forward, even political optimists may find in the possibilities of the future fresh justification of its uneasiness. We have no wish to take an over-gloomy view of things, nor do we pretend that they are much worse now than they have been before and will be again. But a word of caution is as much in season at present as it is ever likely to be. The loss of the few is often the gain of the many, and doubtless it is fortunate for the world that investors should not be more sensitive than they are to the hazards on which they stake their much-prized money. We are told that, if we only knew the fragility of the framework on which our bodies hang, we should never dare to set them in motion; and assuredly, if men exercised in the disposal of their fortunes a prudence proportionate to that which often actuates them in the merest trifles, half the capital of the world would permanently stagnate. Capitalists would literally invest their economies in the land, and the precious metals would disappear from circulation in the good old Oriental fashion. We habitually see the man who has qualms about playing whist at sixpenny points, cut into the round game of speculation with his thousands with far fewer searchings of heart, pinning his hasty faith to caprice, tradition, or the off-handed counsels of some confident friend. Most of us accept in theory the maxim that high interest means bad security, and from that we fallaciously argue to the converse of the proposition—that the lower the interest the more perfect the security. Doubtless there is much truth in this, and the rule is a good one as far it goes; but, in the first place, it is habitually pushed too far; in the second, its advocates ignore the numerous exceptions that prove it. Most men divide investments, for all practical purposes, into two broad classes—those returning great dividends, and implying for the most part the chance of a corresponding rise or fall, hinging on the contingencies on which speculation turns; and those others where the interest is moderate, and the integrity of the principal is supposed to all intents and purposes to be guaranteed. If they make up their minds to be content with modest returns, if they only satisfy themselves that the returns really are modest, it is enough for them. They set themselves to enjoy their pittance with that untroubled tranquillity which is superior to argument, and more precious than all riches.

Few people perhaps will be found to profess in so many words their faith in absolute securities and never-fluctuating principals, but the great bulk of cautious investors talk and act as if the securities of their individual choice were unimpeachable. Often

with the most prudent intentions they deceive themselves in happy innocence and perfect good faith. Frequently they are the hapless victims of circumstances which no human sagacity could have foreseen or controlled. Constantly they count only first causes and study direct effects, forgetting that the roots of all manner of investments intertwine; that incidents the most remote may be dragging at the fibres, and influences the most unsuspected blighting the growth. Many people, on the strength of a prosperity of some twenty years, had ceased to remember that the French Emperor was mortal, and that his empire might one day cease to be. Doubtless there was much disagreeable expression of surprise the other day at the promiscuous droop in most English securities. Investors whose hard necessities constrained them to realize were horrified to find themselves so heavily mulcted. Why sinister rumours as to a Frenchman's health, or spasms on the pultry Bourse of Vienna, should influence so seriously their holdings in British banks and railways, they were at a loss to conceive. Even to men who look further, and can vaguely trace the relations of cause and effect, there was something of startling surprise when it was brought home to them how much may hang on the life of a single man—that man being the incarnation of personal government in a highly advanced civilization. Had Napoleon lived for nothing else, there is enough to gratify the most inordinate vanity in the idea that the bulletins of the Bourses of the world follow those issued from his sick-room; that each sleepless night, each hour of pain he suffers, falls in turn to the lot of thousands of unlucky victims bound to a profound sympathy with him by the fact that their fortunes are pinned to his. The wild sales and unreasoning depreciation following on events like the Emperor's illness come of the panic which is very far from prudence. Adding the chances of the alarm being as premature as it proved to be, and of things going smoothly in the case of his death, to the certainty that possible wars and troubles had already been liberally discounted, it was clear that the panic-stricken were flinging their property away. But what advantage does that conviction bring to you if you are forced into the market with them? You may keep your head while all around are giddy, and may count the odds with unfaltering presence of mind. But you are a unit of a body, and are helpless accordingly. Your investment once made, you have ceased to be a free agent, and have cast your property on the troubled waters of human prejudice and passion. It is true, you may fish it to shore at any moment, if you will, but only to find it pitifully shrunken. Scarcely any of us who have anything at stake escaped the wash of the great panic wave that surged up the other day from the Place Vivienne. Some were nearer its vortex than others, and not a few must have been sucked down. There are investments and investments. There are many in which there is an obvious element of uncertainty, but so controlled and neutralized by the promise of seemingly unavoidable prosperity that even a prudent man may naturally think himself justified in ignoring the risk. Take, for example, the American railways, and in particular a great Trunk Line like the Erie. A casual inquirer might well assume that a company in occupation of a great line of traffic between the corn-growing capital of the Atlantic States and that boundless West where cities shoot up like mushrooms, could hardly fail of seeing present prosperity eclipsed in a splendid future. Even with the experience of English railway administration before his eyes, he would count on the immense margin left for waste and errors of judgment. In a country which boasts and annually fêtes the most perfect Constitution in the world, he would never dream of doubting of the protection of the law. Yet, judging after the fact, what do we think now of the men who sunk their money in Eries before Drew and Vanderbilt, and its latest hero, Mr. Fisk, Junior, made it historic. Unless he avowedly gambled in it as at *rouge et noir*, a man would be ashamed to confess that he had committed himself to Erie Stock. An excellent line is become a byword. What confidence can one feel now in American investments of any description? Were the story of the Erie not confirmed by unimpeachable authority and accepted by general consent, it would have been treated as a monstrous *canard*, too heavily weighted ever to have taken flight across the Atlantic. Nothing could have been more unlikely. How, then, can we be sure that the story may not repeat itself any day in quarters the most unsuspected? We know now that there is a civilized country where the arm of the law is too short to stop the trains of rival Companies being purposely run into each other, or to prevent the traffic of whole districts being brought summarily to a standstill. Fancy the report of an English railway making incidental mention of the wanton crumpling up of a couple of its engines, and the shivering of a few of its carriages, under head of deterioration of rolling stock. Or fancy its Directors stating, while rendering an account of their stewardship, that personal reasons had compelled them to suspend the traffic for some days between Liverpool and Manchester, putting in evidence, in answer to objectors, formal decrees of indemnity supplied by the eminent judge they had retained on their staff. For in America standing judges are, it seems, as easily procurable as standing counsel are with us. To say nothing of the time-honoured institution of repudiation, which shows its permanent vitality on the eve of each Presidential election, the story of the Erie is of itself sufficient to erase American securities from the list of the intending investor, and to place the investments of the Anglo-Saxon North very much on a par with those of the Hispano-Indian South.

The Americans, however, may retort and tell us to look at

home; and, to own the truth, we cannot with decency be so hard on them as we should like to be. We do not go back to the scandals of 1866. There is the Albert Assurance Company. If ever a cautious man may embark with a clear conscience in joint-stock enterprise, it is, one would think, in the enterprise that takes the form of insurance. If ever a man intends to make a safe bargain, it is surely when he commits himself to moderate annual payments that he may secure a provision for his family on his death. Both of these classes, and most certainly the latter, in connecting themselves with the Albert, may be assumed to have done so with as little thought of gambling as if they had been buying land or Consols. The principles of insurance are based upon figures, not fancies; the solidity of the superstructure may be made a simple matter of calculation, and the successful crowning of the edifice ought to be a foregone conclusion. Now that the Albert has closed its doors, we are told that Cassandras had been crying in the City, and whispering their parable against it, although few were found to regard them. Indeed, how should those who were not in the secret of the amalgamations and commissions, and of the exceedingly liberal scale on which officials regulated their own remuneration, have set down the prophets of evil as anything but calumniators? Until the other day, at any rate, when insurers on the banks of the Hoogly seem to have read the signs of the coming cyclone, we may imagine shareholders and policy-holders alike looking to the future in tranquil placidity. Here there was a body of investors who congratulated themselves with every show of reason on the prudence that had limited their aspirations to modest certainties, setting their faces against any possible risks. All at once, to vary our metaphor, came the explosion that shattered all that is so significantly expressed in the technical word "assurance." We should like to know how many assured and assurers are at this moment quietly sitting on similar mines. Never is it more true that ignorance is bliss than when an old invalided man has gone on paying premiums for a long life to a rotten insurance office; and doubtless many such a one descends to the grave in comfortable ignorance of how narrowly his heirs will have to snatch from the fire the provision he had bought for them with so much privation. Then there is a fatal instinct of conservatism in investors. People embark in schemes which are for the moment intrinsically good, calculating that time and action must stand still with all the world but themselves and their concerns. For example, electricity is likely to become the vital principle of trade, and telegraphs, in their immense development, the arteries of commerce. The first Atlantic cable paid largely. In the battle of life, cost what messages might, no man could afford to abandon the wires to his rivals, and the desire for rapid communication grew with the facilities for gratifying it. At first, people in the exercise of a sound discretion and a very rational forethought rushed upon the shares, forcing them up so high that promoters saw their profit in floating, or rather sinking, competing lines. The soundness of their estimate was fully borne out by the results. The Atlantic proved wide enough for a couple of cables, and although the new sea-serpents naturally began by darting their fangs at each other, when once satisfied that murder meant suicide they settled down side by side in comparative peace. Shareholders have not done badly hitherto, but perhaps it is nearly time that they reconsidered their position from the most recent point of view. It is more than possible that, in marine telegraphy as in other things, reckless competition may outrun legitimate expansion of business. We might go on indefinitely multiplying instances from all classes of investments. But to end with all that we hold most stable, with our funds and our very soil, investors would do well to bear in mind that even these are of the earth, and that the earth is always in revolution. What of the possible influence of coming legislation on the value of Irish properties? What of the results of modification of the game laws on the worth of Highland estates? What of Indian securities and public works in the event of Russian aggression being accepted as a probability by our Indian subjects? What of colonial and even imperial funds, in the contingency of the movement of colonial independence breaking up the faggot of sticks, or of exhausted coal fields, autocratic Trade-unions, costly labour and production? Men must invest, but there can be no harm in reminding them that investing is a game where, with no exceptions whatever, there are always odds, longer or shorter.

#### FIRST LOVE.

IT is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing and purring and fondling and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colours are for the while a little heightened and the tone raised. Presently the vividness of colour will fade again, and the cool greys lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at



which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always say frankly enough that she never knew what it was not to be in love. There is one obvious deduction which she forgets to draw, that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may divide by more rigidly marked lines the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, with woman, has no past, as it has no future. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love. "I never loved any one before" is said, and said truly, to a dozen loving ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montagu, "would be the river Lethe, the stream of Forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her heart's career. If she remembers the past at all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. When Cleopatra talked about Cesar to Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair and wondered how she could ever have doted on such a bald-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had she succeeded in charming Octavius, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that a woman's first love, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is a revolution. It is in fact the one thing that makes him man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the chivalrous friendship of schoolfellows; there is no truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the scrimmage or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the palings. Girls can't jump, or sag out, or swarm up a tree; they have nothing to talk about as boys talk; they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's, they are awful milk-sops, they cry and "tell mamma," they are afraid of a governess, and of a cow. It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment comes the revolution. The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. Brown, that god of the playground, is cast to the owls and to the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was to last from school to the grave. Paper-chases and the annual match with the "old fellows" cease to be the highest objects of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has got the Ireland. The boy's life has become muddled and confused. The old existence is sheering off, and the new comes shyly, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he rebels against the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little hand. He lingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange to this world of woman, and woman's talk and woman's ways. The surest, steadiest foot on the cricket-ground tumbles over foot-stools, and tangles itself in coloured wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of a tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet among the tumult of foot-ball hushes and trembles and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every chit in the nursery has found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing, when the sisterly heads bend together and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool—that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing he feels even more certain about—that he is in love, and that love has made him a man.

We are not, of course, going to trench on the field of poets and moral preachers, or to expound, like Sir Barnes Newcome, the philosophy of the affections, or to demonstrate with Miss Faithfull and Mrs. Fawcett the great office which First Love fulfils in the economy of man. The only remark we have to make is the very obvious one which moral preachers may be pardoned for forgetting, that it is on the whole a wonderfully pleasant thing. If one enters it through Purgatory, it is none the less a Paradise at which one arrives, an Eden with its tree of knowledge and its tree of life. There is none of the distrust, the irony, the low-pitched expectations of after affection; no practical second thoughts; no calculations about wedding-rings and marriage settlements. In its beginning love still hovers in a sort of debateable land between the real and the unreal, with a good deal of the fun and make-believe of boyhood and girlhood about it yet. There is the old school-trick of "secrets," of "mystery," whisperings in corners, stolen glances, dropped gloves, little letters deposited in crafty hiding-places. There is the carrying out of the new ritual of love as love-novels give it to us, the stealing photographs and the kissing locks of hair, and the writing love-poems with a certain weakness in their rhyme, and the watching the light in our mistress's window. It is wonderful with what a rigorous exactitude, with what a grave seriousness, we carry out our part in the pleasant little comedy. But it is no comedy to us while we figure in it. It is the revelation of a new world, a world of light and joy, a world, too, of wonder and enchantment and mystery. "Tout est mystère dans l'amour," we sing with old Fontaine, "ses flèches, son carquois, son flambeau, son enfance," and of these mysteries we are admitted as

worshippers. It is hard not to feel a little flutter of pride at being not quite what other people are, not quite what we ourselves were a month ago. What would others understand of this new love-language that we talk? What of our spasmodic little chatter, broken with passionate ejaculations that have no relation to any subject that could be discussed in earth or heaven, interrupted by silences more eloquent than words? What of those delicious caprices that follow on the sense of power, those bright little quarrels that only exist in the faith that severance is impossible? What of this new love of letter-writing in fingers that once hated a pen? We exult in the thought that St. Valentine's day taxes the energies of the Post Office more than any other day in the year. We laugh to think of a great Government department in a flutter because Love says "write," and we have written. What of this new delight in solitude, in "mooning about," as we used to call it in our unregenerate days? Surely it is something that love conquers boredom, that one is never alone when one can peep at a locket, or spell over again those sweetest and most crossed of letters, or debate whether the object of one's passion looked best in a blue dress or a brown. But all these are the mere outer accidents of life, and it is life itself that is so changed. What a fresh boisterous breeze of life and liberty comes sweeping down on the tranquil little soul whose deepest joys and sorrows have been over her lessons and her doll! All the youth in her veins quickens at the touch. She is a hoyden, a scraggy grace in a moment; the governess shrugs her shoulders; mamma begins to think of her "coming out." Then there is the sudden revulsion, the delicious inequalities and inconsistencies of a period of transition, the shyness and stiffness, the silence, the reverie. Then at a bound there is the return on pure girlhood, the defiant revolt, the rebellion against this absorption in another. *Odi et amo*, it is the close neighbourhood of the two that gives each its charm. She is a flirt, a coquette; for what is coquetry but the half-incredulity of a girl unable to believe in her own happiness, eager to convince herself by any experience of the new strength and attraction that she has gained? After-life brings deeper, intenser passion, but never sensations so vivid, so rapid, so exquisitely contrasted, never so involuntary. A girl lies passive in the very dreaminess of joy as emotion after emotion sweeps over her, faith and jealousy and bitterness and delight, like the wind sweeping over Æolian chords and wakening music as wild and wayward as the music in her heart. What other moment of life gives her those "grande ennui extrêmes de joie" that the old French poetess sung about—

Quand je pense avoir plus de douleur,  
Sans y penser je me trouve hors de peine;  
Puis quand je crois ma joie être certaine,  
Et être au haut de mon désiré heur,  
Il me remet en mon premier malheur.

Men spend a great deal too much time, says a great philosopher, over love. We share Mr. Mill's opinion, though probably Mr. Mill would hardly share our grounds for it. We don't grudge a moment given to a man's First Love, because a man believes in it. "Credo quia impossibile"—"I believe just because it is impossible"—replied Tertullian to the objector to his faith; and it is a gain to humanity that at the very outset of life one should meet and believe in a thing so impossible as first love. We are saved at any rate from the dreary gospel of Mr. Buckle, from regarding ourselves as machines, and tabulating our lives in averages. So too there are days, early days in a man's course, when, sitting alone and looking on a sunset, he feels like a grain of sand at the mercy of winds that blow whence and whither he knows not. First love at any rate saves us out of thoughts like these by quickening in us pulses of pain and pleasure that will beat on, drive the winds as they list. How much too of the reverence, the reserve, the grace and refinement of character, springs out of those days of distant, hushed worship, of all-surrendering, all-daring faith? A mere girl, like a mere daisy, rouses within us thoughts too deep for tears. That first touch of passion gives a beauty of its own to the temper of a man, as it gives it to the face of a woman. Who has not noted the strange, sweet change that softens the abrupt gesture, and gives music to the hasty speech, in the hoyden when love's finger first touches her? When Pygmalion's statue-bride quickened into human life, she must have felt, one fancies, an inexpressible joy in the sense of the rapture her beauty had created, and could sustain. It is this new sense—this consciousness that, as she simply lives and moves, her grace and power is going out of her to gladden at least one heart of man's—that quickens a girl's face out of the hardness and immobility of earlier years. From mere physical, immobile form, it becomes life and spirit, sensitive to every wave of thought, feeling, reflection. The very wonder of the new world she looks out upon, its interest, its awe, mirror themselves in the quick alternations of enthusiasm, of terror, of tenderness. It is quite as well to get a little beauty into the world, quite as well to preserve a little poetry in man, and while first love does this we don't mean to surrender it to Mr. Mill. But we freely give up to him its successors. The mere conventional repetition of the real thing, when its first fervour of faith has fled, the repetition of the old love-litanies by lips that have learnt the irony of them, the mechanical performance of the ritual that has become a sham, this is—we agree with Mr. Mill—a sheer waste of human time. When a man has got safely over thirty, and looks back on the number of these performances, their extreme dreariness, and the time they have cost him, he feels a twinge of compunction, and a certain pleasure in the consciousness that he is now at any rate

secure till forty. As for women, till they are quickened by the apostleship of the champions of their "rights," they will probably go on thinking these little farces the pleasantest things in life. After all they are not more ridiculous than the general tenor of their existence, and woman has at any rate more time to waste than man.

#### GLAMORGANSHIRE ANTIQUITIES.

ARCHAEOLOGY is just now perhaps rather overdone with meetings, excursions, papers, and the like; still we are willing to believe that, on the whole, more or less good comes out of all of them, and we can have no doubt as to claiming a high place among doings of the kind for the labours of the Cambrian Archaeological Association. Many people who have tried both larger and smaller bodies agree in saying that the Cambrian meetings, when they are good, when a good President and a good field of action have been secured, are the best meetings of the kind. A body which is less than national and more than local, which does not aspire to take in the whole kingdom, but which takes in more than a single county or diocese, has distinct advantages over both the larger and the smaller societies. Great Britain and Ireland are too wide a field; the interest is stronger when it is concentrated on a smaller region. On the other hand, a society which, in opposition both to national and local, may be most strictly called provincial, has obvious points of advantage over a purely local body. It does not indeed become so much a point of county honour to support it as is the case with a county society, but it naturally takes a wider range, and draws inquirers together from a wider region. The Principality, with its quasi-national being, with its varied stock of antiquities, is exactly the field for a body of this kind, and the meetings of the Society which gives itself to their examination are, as we have said, among the best of their class. This year it has been holding a meeting in a district of unusual archaeological wealth and under auspices still more unusual. The old lands of Gwent and Morgannwg, in modern language Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire, are among the richest parts of the island for antiquarian purposes, and Bridgend, the immediate seat of the meeting, is the centre of some of the best things even in that region. And the necessity which is always felt or imagined on these occasions of putting the great man of the neighbourhood in the presidential chair is not to be regretted when the great man of the neighbourhood happens to be an accomplished and thorough antiquary. The Earl of Dunraven, connected equally with Wales and with Ireland, is well known as one of the foremost in that band of rational students of Irish antiquities of which Dr. Petrie was the father and founder. The Association therefore had this year the advantage of meeting under a chief able to lead others instead of needing to be led himself, and of hearing the inaugural address not of a novice but of a master. How great that advantage is no one need be told who has seen enough of meetings of this kind to know the common results of choosing a President simply on account of his wealth or his title.

Glamorganshire is a district of remarkable interest to the inquirer into the ethnological phenomena of the island. Few districts can show a more mixed population. The Celtic element is of course the groundwork of all, the real stock of the country on which all later elements have simply been grafted. But an average English county comes much more nearly to being purely Teutonic than Glamorganshire comes to being purely Celtic. The foreign infusions have been large and important. Of this the local nomenclature is a speaking witness. In the whole of the lower country near the Channel, that is, in the country where the conquerors thought it worth while to settle, English names are nearly as common as Welsh, and there is a certain sprinkling of French to boot. The country, as is well known, was systematically conquered and partitioned by Norman invaders towards the end of the twelfth century, and in their wake doubtless came a vast crowd, not only of their own countrymen, but of Teutonic-speaking people, English and Flemish. Of the Flemish settlement in Gower, the extreme western peninsula, a settlement second only in importance to that in Pembrokeshire, we have spoken more than once. But English is the speech of other districts also, especially of the country round Llantwit Major. Here the great family of the neighbourhood, the house of Stradling of Saint Donats, are said to have been themselves of Flemish descent, and they would doubtless bring a settlement of their humbler countrymen with them. But the English element in Glamorganshire has been strengthened by the steady connexion with the opposite coast of Somersetshire, which began early and which goes on still. Several of the chief families are to be found on both sides of the Channel, the peculiarities of Somersetshire architecture are repeated along the whole coast of South Wales, and to this day the West-Saxon peasant never does a wiser thing than when he hearkens to Mr. Girdlestone and takes himself to the land of high wages. Glamorganshire therefore, conquered early, settled systematically, and exposed to English immigration ever since, is much less purely Welsh than those shires of the Principality which were annexed by Edward the First. There the conquest was almost wholly political; it involved no displacement of the native inhabitants, and, except in the towns and royal castles, it involved very little English occupation. The old families of North Wales are mainly Welsh; the old families of Glamorganshire are, or rather were, mainly Norman.

The facts of such a history as this have plainly impressed themselves on the antiquities, especially the architectural antiquities, of the district. The land, a conquered land held in the teeth of a hostile people, naturally bristles with castles, not royal fortresses, like Caernarvon and Conway, but the dwellings of the lord of Glamorgan and his vassals. There they are, of all sorts and sizes, from the square Norman keep of Ogmores to Caerphilly, with its vast palatial fortress, its noble hall of the fourteenth century, or to Saint Donats, half genuine castle of the thirteenth century, half fortified mansion of the sixteenth. A military air extends itself to almost everything; the church-towers have a look of defensive character, even when they have not the reality; but such a monastery as Ewenny is distinctly a fortress, and at Llandaff the frowning gateway of the episcopal castle crowns the hill, as if half guarding, half threatening, the cathedral which lies at its feet. But the very wealth of the district in military remains makes it proportionably poor in antiquities of another kind. The mediæval manor-house, so abundant in Northamptonshire, in Somersetshire, in every district in short where good stone was to be had and where the King's peace was decently kept, may be said to be unknown. There is hardly a house of any size, as distinguished from a castle, older than Henry the Eighth at the earliest.

The churches suggest, among other things, the remark that, unless it be a solitary example in Anglesey of which we cannot speak from personal knowledge, we never saw or heard of any building in Wales which had the faintest claim to be older than the Norman Conquest. Herein is a marked contrast to Ireland. Whether we accept all Dr. Petrie's very early dates or not, there is beyond all doubt a native Irish style and a native Irish type of church, the latter of which continued in use alongside of the buildings of the English invaders. But there is, strictly speaking, no native Welsh style. Welsh buildings have their peculiarities, but their peculiarities are only varieties of English forms, to be accounted for by the circumstances of the district. There is no really native Welsh building answering to that large class of national Irish buildings of which Cormac's church at Cashel stands at the head. In South Wales there hardly could be; but there might easily have been such a class in North Wales, which retained its separate being so much longer. The North-Welsh buildings, oddly enough, show a certain Irish influence, but it is marked only in a few details; the North-Welsh churches are essentially English. In the central counties of Wales the style is greatly influenced by that of Shropshire and Herefordshire. Along the south coast, where there is any enriched work, it is almost always of a Somersetshire character; Llandaff is closely akin to Wells and Glastonbury, and the later forms of Somersetshire work are reproduced as well as the earlier. The most characteristic feature is the military tower, which appears in a rougher state in Pembrokeshire and in a more finished shape in Glamorganshire. This does not come from Somersetshire or from anywhere else; it is essentially local, the result of the circumstances of the district; still it is not Welsh in the same sense in which Cormac's church is Irish. The odd thing is that the type seems to have gone on in use long after the state of things in which it arose had passed away. The towers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are just as military as those of the thirteenth, and in fact the greater number of towers are actually of late date. But, just as in the case of the Irish round towers, the late examples simply prove the retention of an earlier type. The mere chronological antiquary, who is satisfied with fixing the dates of particular buildings, can never be made to understand this. It is paraded as a great discovery that some of the Irish towers are of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—that is, of the age of Giraldus and later. The fact is undoubted, but it proves nothing. When we have the express witness of Giraldus to the antiquity of the custom, we see that the round towers of his own day were simply the retention of an earlier type. And the military towers of Glamorganshire in the sixteenth century are exactly analogous.

The churches of the district are mostly small; even the cathedral at Llandaff and the Cistercian abbey at Margam do not rise above the second class. Both, however, deserve attentive study, and both present abundance of exquisite detail. And it should be noticed that, while Llandaff is thoroughly local in its style, Margam is not so at all. The small monastic church of Ewenny is also quite as interesting as these larger buildings. This and Dunster on the opposite site of the Channel are probably the two most perfect examples in the kingdom of churches cut in two, divided between the monks and the parishioners. Ewenny too is notable as in itself an admirable example of a small Norman minster, of a most striking military type, and with a vault to its monastic portion which carries us to the White Tower of London and to Saint Sernin at Toulouse. Coyty and Coychurch, in the same neighbourhood, are good studies of cruciform parochial churches, and, if any one wants an architectural puzzle, he cannot do better than betake himself to the old-world town of Llantwit Major, and there enjoy at his leisure a church which is simply amazing in the strangeness and complication of its parts. All these buildings were carefully worked during the Bridgend meeting, but a word or two may be added on one Glamorganshire church which did not come within its range. The queer, old, out-of-the-way borough of Llantrissant, perched on a hill more like a French than an English town, contains a church whose main arcades seem to have been rebuilt in the seventeenth century, at any rate at some time later than a late and poor Perpendicular tower. The architect has caught the general effect of



Romanesque, and has produced a really stately and well-proportioned nave. Will it be believed that architectural purism is crying out for its destruction, and the substitution of something quite new, because forsooth it is not mediæval? Now whether in an historical, an artistic, or an ecclesiastical light, the works, often by no means unsuccessful, of the seventeenth century have a special interest. Wantonly to destroy a really striking nave of this kind in order to produce an imitation of work of the fourteenth or any other century, to wipe out, in short, a remarkable piece of architectural history, seems to us to be simple madness. The new design may be built somewhere else, and will look just as pretty somewhere else, but let Llantrissant nave keep the massive arcades of some nameless artist who, in a bad age and in an out-of-the-way spot, had happily caught and worked out an idea on which a modern architect would find it perhaps harder than he thinks really to improve.

#### LAST DYING SPEECH OF MR. COLE.

WITHOUT venturing to make any positive assertion, we may express our belief that the series of Mr. Cole's publications having reference to the Paris Exhibition is finished. There are, indeed, several things which Mr. Cole might do and has not yet done, and therefore we are not absolutely sure that he will not put together at least one more blue-book. He might, for example, persuade some gentleman of his acquaintance to compose a record of conversations, real or imaginary, which he held with a lady whom he met within the walls of the Exhibition. The series of reports upon the Exhibition was some time ago completed, and Mr. Cole afterwards set on foot reports upon the people who came to see it. Arrangements were made for visits of English artisans to Paris, and they were taken to manufactories and other interesting spectacles, under the care of French interpreters. The organization of these visits seems to have devolved on M. Haussoullier, who took so much interest in his visitors that he desired M. Fouché, who was brought more directly than himself into contact with them, to furnish him with a report on the differences he discovered between English and French workmen. This report of M. Fouché is contained in Mr. Cole's last volume, and it deserves the character of originality both in ideas and language. The greater part of this report has reference to Trade-Unions and strikes, and it may be interesting to social philosophers among ourselves to know that M. Fouché approves of both. We searched Mr. Cole's pages to find out who M. Fouché is, as we wished to give all possible weight to his opinions, but we searched in vain. He hopes that Sheffield outrages will never be perpetrated any more, and he regrets that the people who ordered them did not use persuasion only to induce their intelligent co-members to "keep their accounts clear with the Unions and obey their laws." It seems a pity that Mr. Cole, who knew of the existence of this valuable report more than a year ago, did not inform the Sheffield ratteners that an intelligent Frenchman hoped they would not do it any more. It would have been advantageous to England, and courteous to France, to have invited M. Fouché to explain his views to our Royal Commission on Trade-Unions. The Commissioners would have been encouraged to learn that, at the idea of not being compelled any more to resort to public charity, the Trade-Unionists become "proud of themselves, dignified in their mind, more quiet and manageable." If Mr. Cole were the Social Science Congress, instead of being, as he is, a department of the State, it would be quite proper for him to discuss Trade-Unions and strikes at any length, but we think that he should not publish essays on political economy among what profess to be records of the Paris Exhibition. The legitimate object of such exhibitions is the comparison of the products of the industry and art of various countries, and if Mr. Cole and his associates aimed, as he says they did, at representing "the manners and customs of nations," they ought, in our opinion, to be repressed. It may be true in reference to this particular exhibition that "dancing, singing, theatrical representations, sports, and shows" were admitted within its scope. The Imperial Commission displayed some part of the liberality of Vespasian. But it is one thing to adopt expedients to make a speculation pay, and another thing to pretend that these expedients are part of a settled system for promoting the welfare of mankind. Our own Crystal Palace is now openly managed on commercial principles, and we have no objection to its being what it is if only it does not pretend to be something else. Shops were not merely permitted but encouraged at the Paris Exhibition, just as they are at the Crystal Palace; and "various means were resorted to by the Imperial Commission to increase their receipts," which, if we were shareholders in the Crystal Palace, would inspire us with confidence in these Commissioners as its managers. In fact, they showed a commercial cleverness in their dealings which is the more admirable inasmuch as it is the last quality which one would expect to find in an august body whose constitution has been announced to the present and all future ages in the grand Imperial style. Napoleon, by the divine grace and the national will Emperor of the French, appoints his well-beloved cousin, and certain high officers of State, Commissioners for the purpose, among others, of managing a *café chantant* where they will invite consumption of *eau sucrée* and other ineffectual potations by incessant cries of *Demandez, messieurs! demandez!* All countries of Europe were to be represented in the Exhibition, and therefore it may have been proper that "Little Poland" should share the

hospitality of the Commissioners. Mr. Cole finds fault with his French allies because in many cases they allowed the exhibition of objects to be made subordinate to the chambers in which they were arranged; but the Commissioners were men of the world as well as Ministers of State, and they did not need the teaching of this Exhibition to instruct them that a demand for commodities will be quickened if a pretty girl presides at the counter where they are displayed. There is a familiar line about qualifying the useful with the sweet which the Commissioners perhaps had in view when they allowed the *Porte Suffren* to be decorated with an *affiche* beginning "*Ce soir Madlles. Maria M. . . et Antonia P. . . danseuses de Bruxelles*," by way of a corrective of Mr. Cole's grand but rather tedious proceedings for the benefit of mankind. There is, or was, a placard at Kew Gardens, stating that they are intended "for recreation, but not for sports or play," which seems to adopt the same distinction as Mr. Cole desires to maintain in the amusements of visitors to an International Exhibition. He would not, perhaps, inexorably close the door against Madlles. Maria and Antonia, but he would open it on condition that they asked him, Mr. Cole, to do so, and represented that they desired admission in order to have an opportunity of exemplifying the manners and customs of their native city. Of course, if an Exhibition is to be truly universal, all nations ought to be admitted to it, and Mr. Cole could not even exclude those nations whose manners, as the sailor said, are none, and their customs odious. But, without carrying this principle to its extreme length, it may suffice to say that the fair *danseuses de Bruxelles* were entitled to admission, provided only that they courtseyed to Mr. Cole on entering.

We do not know whether it entered into the view of the promoters to exhibit among other products of civilization a law-suit, but if they had wished to do so, they had abundant opportunity of selection among the law-suits in which they were themselves involved. Mr. Cole has favoured us with some extracts from a report of the litigation in which the Imperial Commission was engaged with the foreign restaurateurs of the Exhibition, who complained that the Commission had driven away their customers by establishing what may be called without much injustice a temporary slum beside their restaurants. An attempt was made to place these foreigners under the absurd restriction of supplying only the produce of their respective countries by the hands of natives of those countries. It is difficult to say whether the former part of this rule or the latter was the more impracticable, and if it had been maintained there would have been no foreign restaurateurs to claim damages against the Imperial Commission. However the restaurants were opened by the foreigners, and at the same time the Commission established on its own account some particularly French institutions, which are described in the proceedings in the cause. It was intended, said the complainant's counsel, to erect an elegantly-decorated building for concerts, and for meetings of juries of the Exhibition. Instead of that, the Commission put up *une construction des plus simples*, and opened in it a kind of fair, in which were sold all sorts of twopenny-halfpenny articles, among which are specified *des rossignols d'imitation qui chantaient toute la journée*. In one part of this erection, which was called the *Salle Suffren*, there was held a kind of concert, to which the admission was free, but you were expected to give your orders when you got inside. We do not find, said the complainants, that elegant company which you promised us; but, on the contrary, a company which one may like to visit once, taking good care not to go again. The counsel for the Commission answered that M. Rouher had, out of courtesy, informed the restaurateurs that it was intended that the juries should meet in the *Salle Suffren*, but this intention could not be carried out. They did not say, but they must have meant, that in their clients' view low company was better than none at all. The Tribunal appointed certain persons, who are oddly called experts, to inquire into the case, and on their report it awarded damages to the restaurateurs for having been placed by the Commission in such low company.

If, as Mr. Cole and his associates tell us, International Exhibitions promise to become perfect representations of modern society in its various forms of activity, it is undeniable that the *café chantant* and several other Parisian institutions might have claimed places in it. We should be disposed to offer another equally comprehensive definition, and to say that International Exhibitions are adapted to contain whatever Mr. Cole and his associates think proper to put into them. The Committee of Council on Education, or, in other words, Mr. Cole, determined to exhibit, among other evidences of the activity of our civilization, a complete collection of the periodical literature of the day. Mr. Cole intended by this means to convey to foreign nations some idea of the enormous amount of periodical literature for which there was a demand in England, and he invited every proprietor of a newspaper, review, or periodical to send to the Exhibition a specimen number of his publication, selected from the year 1866. It seems to us that it would have been at least equally interesting to foreign nations to convey to them some idea of the enormous amount of waste paper for which there is a demand in England. By way of encouragement to publishers to send in specimens, it was announced that the whole batch would be reported on by Mr. Charles Collins. We have not the least notion who Mr. Charles Collins may be, but if the blue-book before us had contained his report upon the periodical literature of England, we should have thought it worth the money that we have paid for it. And a report by Mr. Charles Collins or some-

body else upon the waste-paper of England would be even more valuable. To make Mr. Cole's idea perfect it ought to have comprised an exhibition of contributors to periodicals, and of the process of composition of leaders and reviews. We rather surmise, however, that the exhibition of periodical literature was one of Mr. Cole's failures, but he did have an exhibition of Acts of Parliament, and the lot, when done with, was presented to the French Emperor, who felt very much obliged for it, just as the Duke of Edinburgh felt very much obliged for the Bibles which were presented to him by Sunday-school children in Australia. Our scheme for a report upon waste paper is to our own mind all the more attractive because the reporter might discourse at any length he pleased upon that division of his subject which would comprise the blue-books issued under the auspices of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. There is one passage in this particular blue-book which we think exactly illustrates the character of much of the proceedings, both French and English, at international exhibitions. A deputation of English workmen from Bradford visited Rheims, where Messrs. Holden have a factory. This English firm "were delighted to see their compatriots, but they would not have their machinery visited." Professions of goodwill between different nations and classes of society cost nothing, and are perhaps worth what they cost.

#### CATTLE AT SEA.

EVERYBODY who has lately had occasion to cross the Channel—and the number of such unfortunates is lamentably great—must be disposed to sympathize with the sufferings to which all sentient beings are liable in that brief foretaste of purgatory. A crowded steamboat between Dover and Calais, when a gale is blowing, presents pictures of utter misery which, if it were not for the brevity of the torment and for a certain comic element associated with it, would be truly heartrending. Once landed on firm ground we abandon all thoughts of suicide, and, when we have convinced ourselves (not always an easy matter) that our houses are not lurching backwards and forwards and rolling from starboard to larboard, we manage to forget all about it. Yet it would be well to retain so much recollection of past misery as to turn an attentive ear to tales of suffering endured at sea, even though the victims be dumb animals incapable of self-defence or appeals for mercy. To persons in such a frame of mind, the letter which appeared in the *Times* some days ago, describing the tortures inflicted on a cargo of sheep between Rotterdam and London, may be profitable, though disgusting, reading. The letter was in every way creditable to the writer, and we hope that it may produce more effect than generally follows from discussions of grievances in the dead season. It seems, indeed, to have attracted the attention of persons well able to deal with the subject, and they will do well not to let it drop. It is unnecessary to recapitulate facts which it is impossible to read without a strong emotion of indignation. Flogging criminals is a practice which cannot be recommended without many obvious restrictions; but we confess that we should feel a lively satisfaction if we could see the sailor who set his dog at the helpless mass of ovine misery properly tied down in a conspicuous place on the deck of his ship, stripped to the waist, and then treated to such an allowance of the cat-of-nine-tails (if that animal has not gone the way of the dodo and the great auk) as would make him hate the taste of mutton for the rest of his natural life. Or, if a more appropriate punishment were required, a hint might be taken from the plan by which dogs are broken of a taste for sheep-worrying; when they are securely tied down in a fold, and left to the tender mercies of the animals they have been oppressing. Neither should it be forgotten that, if the sailor was a thorough ruffian, a large share of responsibility rests upon the shoulders of his superiors. It should be easy to enforce regulations sufficient to protect the animals upon which we are about to dine from any unnecessary tortures during their last moments; and we speak not merely from the utilitarian point of view, and from the reflection that ill-treated oxen and sheep are likely to make unwholesome beef and mutton, but from the more general ground that cruelty to animals is a great evil in itself and its prevention one of the most legitimate objects of legislation.

Fortunately we have got beyond the period at which any argument was necessary on behalf of this proposition. Mr. Lecky indeed suggested a doubt, in his recent work, whether cruelty to animals could be condemned on utilitarian grounds. Putting aside the obvious answer that a utilitarian may rationally include in his definition of the greatest number whose happiness is to be the aim of human beings, not only human beings themselves, but all animals capable of being happy or the reverse, it is plain that, even if we limit our view to the good of our own species, the argument is as strong as can be desired. If the criminality of an action were to be measured simply by its direct effect on human happiness, we might probably hold that the murderer of a grown-up man was worse than the murderer of a child, and far worse than the torturer of a dumb animal. Yet, as a matter of fact, we should probably feel a greater loathing for a man who could deliberately torment a beast for his pleasure than for one who should ill-use one of his equals. Such cruelty indicates, as a rule, a baser nature. A murderer is generally speaking a man of bad character, and is at all events guilty of an unamiable weakness; but he is not of necessity cowardly or

mean; he may not improbably show some courage, and, it may be, some sensibility to the nobler emotions. The tormentor of animals, on the other hand, shows callousness of nature, a pleasure in giving pain for the sake of giving pain, which has about it something only to be described as devilish. No fact in human nature is more terrible than the capacity which some morbid and distorted characters display for taking a certain voluptuous pleasure in cruelty. When this propensity was exhibited in the gladiatorial shows or in the modern amusements of bull-baiting and cock-fighting, there was still a small redeeming mixture of excitement of a different kind, of pleasure in fair play and in the display of courage, which prevented it from being utterly loathsome. But the character which has become so debased as to be utterly insensible to the sight of pain in a helpless creature, or even to take pleasure in it, is certainly amongst the lowest conceivable types of humanity. It must be utterly deprived of anything like generosity or tenderness of feeling. When, therefore, spectacles of cruelty to animals are tolerated, and human brutes are allowed to derive amusement from them, we permit the accumulation of the most demoralizing of influences. We help to spread a pernicious moral contagion. There are, as we have unluckily reasons enough for knowing, about as fine a collection of brutal ruffians within a few miles of us as can be matched in any part of the civilized globe. Such exhibitions as that of the wretched sheep in the Rotterdam boat provide them with an amusement admirably suited to their tastes, and calculated to encourage them in every way to develop their charming propensities. It is said that a great deal of corrupting literature is circulated amongst the lower classes; but the pleasure of torturing a live animal is not only a more piquant amusement, but is probably accessible to a good many people to whom any sort of printed matter is as inaccessible as Sanskrit. To stamp out such a moral disease is as desirable in its way as to eradicate any of the physical ailments which lower the standard of health in the population.

Miss Coutts, therefore, goes pretty accurately to the root of the matter in suggesting that the lower classes should be trained to a higher sense of humanity to animals. How this is to be done, however, is another and a more difficult question. The formation of a new society is not a very hopeful suggestion. We have at least societies enough; and their multiplication for any object, however good, is not a clear advantage to anybody except their secretaries. To teach children in National Schools that they ought not to tease cats or pull the legs off flies is a very good thing in its way; but we have some doubts as to its thorough efficiency. A good many children, unluckily, don't go to school, and those who do have great facility in forgetting what they learn. The truth is, that the question turns out, when considered, to be only one branch of the much wider and more important question, how we are to put down and eradicate the great genus of roughs from English society. We have such a vast reservoir of blackguardism in the lower strata of the country, that it may defy such feeble weapons as new societies and additional lessons in Sunday-schools. So long as they are among us—and it would be too sanguine to hope for their speedy extirpation—they must be addressed by rougher and more efficacious methods. We must make them understand by very tangible arguments that every manifestation of their pleasant idiosyncrasies must be put down as sternly and sharply as possible. They must be taught that a blackguard is an offensive animal, and that when he acts like a blackguard he must be suppressed. As cruelty to animals is one of their pet amusements, the animals must be protected by such safeguards as we can devise, and as are most likely to impress upon the minds of their tormentors that brutality is a disgusting phenomenon to civilized beings. We are glad to see from Mr. Helps's letter that the official authorities are taking steps to secure the due observance of the law lately passed, and, with proper energy on their part, we may hope that the singularly revolting spectacle described may be made impossible for the future.

#### WRECKS AND SALVAGE SERVICES.

THE violent and destructive storms of the past week direct attention to the means which are provided by national and individual effort for saving life from shipwreck. The public body charged to encourage salvors is the Board of Trade, which publishes an annual return of rewards granted by it and of the circumstances under which they were bestowed. This return is contained in a blue-book which is perhaps the solitary specimen of its class that possesses a universal interest. The pages of this book which record exploits of courage and humanity performed in the year 1868 might deserve to be reprinted as a cheap tract, and distributed to all fishermen and seamen along our coasts. It is eminently true of the deeds of mercy mentioned in these pages that they are twice blessed, for they save many lives, and they maintain in our navy a spirit of heroic daring which otherwise might languish in this age of peace. Although battles among ships and fleets have been few and far between during the last fifty years, the sailor may be summoned at any moment to contend with enemies mightier and more implacable than any human foe, and they who have acquitted themselves manfully amid elemental strife may be trusted to serve their country in time of need as sailors served her in days gone by.

The number of wrecks reported on the coasts of the United Kingdom in the year 1868 was below the average number for the



last five years. No gales of remarkable duration and violence occurred during that year such as occurred in 1866 and 1867. One of the most serious storms of the year 1868 occurred in August, a month in which our coasts are seldom visited with heavy gales. The number of wrecks reported during that month was more than double the number reported during the same month in any previous year. The general average number of wrecks will probably increase from year to year owing to the increase in the number of ships frequenting our coasts, whilst the particular number for any one year will be increased or diminished according to the prevalence or absence of gales of remarkable violence and duration. One result, however, is constant in these returns, which invariably show that more than half of the total number of wrecks occur to the unseaworthy, over-laden, or ill-found vessels of the collier class. The number of ships, excluding fishing smacks, to which wrecks and casualties occurred in 1868 was exactly 2,000, and of this number colliers laden and in ballast, and vessels laden with metallic and stone ores, contributed 1,014. Any observer of the sort of craft which carry limestone along our coasts will have noticed that they seem eminently calculated to be wrecked on the first convenient opportunity. The greatest number of wrecks occur on the east coast, which is taken to extend from Dungeness to Duncansby Head in the north of Scotland. The number of lives lost in the Irish Sea is more than double the number lost on any other part of our coasts and narrow seas. These results appear from the returns of the last ten years. The great number of wrecks on the east coast is commonly attributed to that want of harbours of refuge which Government has been urged to supply by artificial means. It is said that when an easterly or north-easterly gale drives ships towards that coast, the only harbours open to them are tidal harbours, and if the tide happens to be low, the ships have no choice except that of perishing upon rocks or shoals. But the force of this argument is somewhat diminished by observing that, although the greater number of wrecks happen on the east coast, the winds which cause the greater number blow from the south-west. Now we desire to speak with all respect of the power of the gale which sweeps over the Atlantic, but still we must venture to observe that it cannot blow a ship into the Tyne or Wear. Yet the returns before us yield these apparently contradictory results. The number of wrecks on the east coast in 1868 was 823, while the total number on all coasts was 1,747. It is to be observed that the number of ships to which casualties occur is usually greater in these returns than the number of casualties, because, if the casualty is by collision, there must be two ships to cause it. The number of wrecks which occurred with a north-east wind in 1868 was 88, while the number which occurred with a south-west wind was 223. Of course we remember that a collision is not usually to be charged against the wind; but although collisions are not distinguished from other casualties in these returns, we should suppose that they would form the same proportion of total casualties on the east as on the west coast, and therefore the want of this distinction does not affect the value of the figures we have quoted. The comparative numbers of wrecks caused or accompanied by different winds are shown not only for last year, but for the last ten years, and the result is stated to be that "westerly gales are far more destructive than easterly gales—the most destructive being from south-west." If we turn to the wreck-chart which accompanies these returns, we shall find a cluster of black dots off Yarmouth, and another off Flamborough Head, which impress the mind with a vivid sense of the dangers of these parts of the east coast. It must, however, be remembered that the number of wrecks will always be in proportion to the number of ships exposed to danger, and the traffic along the east coast between London and the coal ports is enormous, and is carried on to a great extent by old vessels. It is believed that nobody ever saw a ship that had been a collier, for all ships that come into that trade continue in it as long as they can float.

For the purpose of saving life from shipwreck, there were at the end of 1868 on the coasts of the United Kingdom 279 sets of rocket and mortar apparatus provided and paid for by the Board of Trade out of the Mercantile Marine Fund. There were at the same time 228 lifeboats, of which 188 belonged to the National Lifeboat Institution, and 40 to harbour authorities, beachmen, &c. The Board of Trade now pays an annual sum of 2,500*l.* to the National Lifeboat Institution towards the maintenance of their boats. The total expenditure by the Board of Trade out of the Mercantile Marine Fund in 1868, in providing apparatus for saving life, was about 15,400*l.* Gratuities in money or valuable articles are awarded out of this fund to persons who have assisted in saving life on our coasts, and similar gratuities are provided for services rendered at sea or abroad out of a vote of money for that purpose. There is also a distinction called the Albert Medal, which is conferred by the Board of Trade on persons who have displayed conspicuous gallantry in saving life, but whether this distinction is ever accompanied by pecuniary reward, we do not know. The Albert Medal of the first class was conferred in 1868 on Mr. E. B. March, British Vice-Consul at St. Sebastian, who, on a winter night, swam off to a distressed ship, when no boat would go to her, and brought a rope ashore by which the crew safely landed. The Albert Medal of the second class was conferred in the same year on Lieutenant De Saumarez, of H.M.S. *Myrmidon*, for jumping overboard in the Congo river, and saving a man from drowning. Among the sums paid out of the Mercantile Marine

Fund was 200*l.*, to be divided among the widows and children of four coastguard men who perished at the upsetting of the Curra-cloe lifeboat. Among foreign recipients of reward, the most distinguished was the King of Raratonga, to whom was presented a gold watch and chain of the value of thirty-five guineas, for kindness and hospitality to a shipwrecked English crew who reached His Majesty's dominions in an open boat. The natives of an island at which this crew had previously touched received a supply of clothing of the value of 50*l.* The rewards to captains of ships are usually given in the shape of some useful article, such as a watch, sextant, or telescope. A considerable number of such rewards were bestowed on foreigners during the year, and doubtless this liberality is judicious. An American captain picked up a British crew who had lost their ship, and had drifted in a boat for ten days without food, and in order to provide for their subsistence he put his own crew upon short allowance for thirteen days. This captain well deserved the telescope which was presented to him, for probably it is easier to induce an ordinary crew of seamen to risk their lives to save the lives of others than to give to others a portion of their own dinners. There is excitement, and the prospect of honour and reward, in manning a lifeboat and pulling out to sea, but it is impossible to impart a dramatic character to the act of sharing a biscuit with a strange seaman. On the whole, the efforts made to save life at sea and on our coasts are creditable to humanity, but we should be more convinced that the morals of our seaside population have improved if we heard fewer complaints of their propensity to wrecking. The Board of Trade is so impressed with the magnitude of this evil, that it has proposed to alter the ordinary English criminal law in order to render prosecutions more effectual. The truth is, that in uncultivated dwellers by the sea there are two instincts, one of which prompts them to save life, and the other prompts them to plunder property. If these two instincts came into conflict, we are very far from asserting that the latter would not prevail.

We have spoken above of the unseaworthy, over-laden, and ill-found vessels employed as colliers. No ship is ever so old that seamen cannot be found in the coal-ports to navigate her to London, and within the last two years a ship arrived in the Thames with coal which had carried Captain Cook the first time he ever went to sea, and which was known to be more than a hundred years old. But besides ships which have lost their seaworthiness from age, there are ships which never had that quality. Ships are built nowadays, like houses and coats, not to wear, but to sell, and it is stated in this report that, "even at the age of twenty-five to thirty years, it sometimes happens that a ship is so rotten as to fall to pieces immediately on touching the ground, without giving the crew the slightest chance of getting out their boats." This statement suggests the unsatisfactory remark that in some situations the newest and strongest iron-ship is more useless than the oldest or weakest wooden ship. If an iron ship strikes upon a rock her bottom will be cracked like an egg-shell where a wooden ship would be only battered. The iron ship, unless her water-tight compartments save her, goes down instantly, but the wooden ship will keep afloat at least until the crew have prepared themselves to quit her. The loss of the *Carnatic* in the Gulf of Suez sadly exemplifies the rapidity with which a fine new iron steamer may disappear. "It is generally believed," says the *Times*, "that after striking she filled, and then glided off the reef and foundered in deep water." The belief seems likely to be well-founded.

#### THE ST. LEGER.

THE St. Leger is over, and Pretender has failed to rival the triple achievements of West Australian, Gladiator, and Lord Lyon. On the other hand, for the first time since 1846, the second in the Derby has succeeded in turning the tables at Doncaster on his Epsom conqueror. Excuses are always made for the second in the Derby, but they seldom rest on any substantial basis, and the truth of the Derby running is usually verified by subsequent events. Savernake, they said, ought to have beaten Lord Lyon at Epsom; yet at Doncaster, after an equally severe finish, he was again beaten by a precisely similar distance. The Marquis and Buckstone, second and third in the Derby, were first and second in the Leger, Caractacus, the winner at Epsom, being prevented from starting at Doncaster; and many other instances might be quoted to show that the Derby running furnishes the most trustworthy clue to a knowledge of the three-year-old form of the year. And this is true, although the Derby course is one on which the best horse requires some good luck before he can be safely landed the winner. Every year the chances of three or four horses are summarily extinguished at Tattenham Corner; yet, strangely enough, when the same horses meet afterwards on a straight course, or on one with much less objectionable turns, the result is just the same. We confess, therefore, that we felt sceptical as to Pero Gomez obtaining his revenge at Doncaster, simply because he was disappointed at Epsom. That he was disappointed at Tattenham Corner, and that he lost at least three lengths at the most critical point of the race, was clear enough to everybody; and from the plucky and resolute manner in which he made up his lost ground inch by inch, only suffering defeat at the last by the breadth of a sheet of notepaper, it was fair to conclude that, if all had gone well with him at the detested turn, he must have won, particularly as the judge declared it to be his opinion that Pretender was tiring very much at the finish. Still the fact remained, that for twenty-three

years the Derby winner had never been beaten at Doncaster by the Derby second, and twenty-three years ago the case was somewhat different. Twenty-three years ago Sir Tatton Sykes lost the Derby because his jockey was rather more drunk than usual; and he won the Leger because his jockey was rather less drunk than usual. Pero Gomez is the solitary instance of a horse losing the Derby through losing his place at Tattenham Corner, and avenging himself the next time he met his conqueror in a fair and unimpeded race.

The Leger is, or we ought rather to say used to be, famous for its surprises, and between the end of May and the beginning of September the performances of even the most moderate three-year-olds are studied with the most assiduous attention, and rumours of mysterious outsiders are rife. At York August meeting, especially, the advent of some new candidate for Leger honours is eagerly looked for. There Miner beat the mighty Blair Athol, and there Viscount was last year elevated to a brief and undeserved eminence. Horses are about that time sufficiently advanced in their Leger preparations to come out for a public trial and exhibit what improvement they may have made since the spring. At York, Achievement, who was a mere skeleton at Epsom, came out in very different condition, and gave earnest of what she would be, and what she would do, a month later at Doncaster. Nor was York altogether untrue to its traditions this year. The feature of the meeting was the reappearance of Ryshworth in splendid condition and in much improved temper, and in the two races which he won he displayed a gameness and a willingness to struggle which had not been observed in him before. He was at once and justly brought into prominent notice for the Doncaster race, but unfortunately met with an injury to his foot shortly afterwards which placed him *hors de combat*. Otherwise there was but small prospect of any new rivals to the leading trio in the Derby. The annual outsider was furnished by John Scott, and the Leger would hardly be the Leger without a Whitewall horse in the quotations; but Royal Oak was a most sorry representative of this famous stable, and after having been puffed up for a week or two he retired at great speed into obscurity, accounts varying about his being either halt, maimed, or blind, but the real truth being that he was not worth twopence. The outsider having thus vanished, and the York hero having broken down, the dimensions of the Leger field became more and more narrowed, and the issue seemed to resolve itself more and more into a match between Pretender and Pero Gomez. Not that they were very wonderful horses, for the best three-year-old form of the year is but moderate, but because there seemed nothing capable of beating them. The fact that in the Derby half a dozen horses finished almost abreast, within little more than a length of the leaders, pointed to the moderate quality of the field, and subsequent running has made that quality appear worse rather than better. Pretender, for instance, cannot be said to have improved his reputation by his barely obtained victory over Islam at Stockton; while Pero Gomez was so lame and done up at Ascot that not a few would have backed his non-starting for the Leger against his winning it. The Drummer was beginning to feel the effects of hard work and the hard ground, and the latter cause was altogether adverse to the interests of Martyrdom. Had the long-desired rain been delayed a week longer, not only would the field for the Leger have been the smallest for many years, but we question whether more than two-thirds of the runners would have stood up to the finish. As it was, the rain came too late for The Drummer, and we fancy a little too late for Martyrdom.

When the numbers were hoisted, it was found that there were eleven runners, and deducting Conrad, Lord Hawthorn, and Derventio, who were merely started to make running, there were left eight *bond fide* competitors for the last great three-year-old race of the year. These were Pero Gomez, Pretender, Martyrdom, The Drummer, George Osbaldeston, Starter, Duke of Beaufort, and Typhon. Of these perhaps Martyrdom looked the best in point of condition and muscular development, though his action in walking and in his slow paces was as awkward as ever, and it was easy to see that his owner had much to be thankful for in the state of the ground. Typhon, whose morning gallops have specially pleased the Yorkshiremen, also looked well, and from his excellent race with Ryshworth at York a good deal was anticipated from him. Though The Drummer was in capital condition, he did not go in anything like the free bounding style which he showed at Epsom, and Duke of Beaufort struck us as going very short. Neither Pretender nor Pero Gomez are very taking horses to the eye, but there was no fault to be found with the way in which they were brought to the post, Pero Gomez in particular being splendidly trained. Mr. Johnstone, it will be seen, started three, as in the Derby; but though one of his Derby three succeeded in knocking Pero Gomez out of his stride and losing him the race, he was not fortunate enough to get rid of him in a similar manner on this occasion. There were no false starts, and Conrad, making the running for The Drummer, and Typhon, performing the same office for himself, at once went to the front and led at a fair pace. Martyrdom, ridden, of course, according to orders, was kept back in the extreme rear, from whence he did not attempt to draw up till nearly a mile had been traversed. It may be said at once that Typhon fairly cut his own throat by trying to cut the field down, for he was in difficulties half a mile from home and finished almost the last. That he is a horse of good speed is very true, and that the field was of moderate quality is also true; but

Typhon was certainly not so good as to be able to race right away from them, and keep the lead for a mile and three-quarters. A more palpable throwing away of a fair, if not a good chance, we have never seen. The lookers on—Conrad, Derventio, and Lord Hawthorn—had done their duty, and retired near the Red House, where Martyrdom began to come up and join the leaders, who now consisted of Pretender, Pero Gomez, and George Osbaldeston. These three were almost abreast at the turn, but Martyrdom was level with them directly they came into the straight. The Duke of Beaufort was beaten, and soon after The Drummer was in difficulties. A loud shout shortly proclaimed that a greater than The Drummer was also in trouble, and Osborne half-way up the straight was seen to be riding Pretender, who answered his call but sluggishly. At the distance there were only Martyrdom, Pero Gomez, and George Osbaldeston left in the race, and the latter being soon after beaten, it became a match between the pair. Wells called on Pero Gomez opposite the stand, while Fordham was not moving on Martyrdom, who appeared to have the race in hand. Pero Gomez, however, responded to the call with such willingness, that Fordham was compelled to set Martyrdom to work; but directly he was asked Lord Calthorpe's horse stopped quite dead, unable or unwilling to make the slightest effort, and Pero won by a neck. George Osbaldeston was a moderate third, and Pretender a bad fourth. Close up with the Derby winner was Starter, let into the Goodwood Stakes at 5 st. 10 lbs. So much for handicapping! How to account for Pretender's inglorious performance we know not. It is ridiculous to suppose that it was his true form, and therefore we will wait to see what plausible excuses will be made on his behalf. The race was won by sheer gameness on the part of Pero Gomez, a quality which he has always shown in all his races. Opposite the Subscription Stand we thought it was ten to one on Martyrdom, whose stride is much greater than Pero's, and who was rapidly overhauling him. We never saw a horse collapse so instantaneously in the moment of victory, and his heart must be indeed soft if he cannot make the very small effort which was all that was wanted of him on Wednesday. However, the victory of Sir Joseph Hawley's horse was infinitely more acceptable to the public and to all genuine sportsmen than the victory of Martyrdom would have been, and the monotonous run of ill-luck experienced by the Kingsclere stable this year is thus pleasantly and happily broken by so important a victory—the first Leger, indeed, that Sir Joseph Hawley has won during his long racing career.

## REVIEWS.

### THIERRY'S HISTORY OF GAUL UNDER THE ROMANS.\*

M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY fully deserves the credit, and it is no small one, of having worked steadily through life at a single object, and of being always ready, whenever need calls for such a work, to modify and improve the results of his steady and conscientious labour. It is hard to believe that it is now forty years since M. Thierry began the work now before us. And that work, in its first estate, followed on his earlier work, the History of the Gauls before their subjection to the Roman dominion. These two form a continuous series, and his other works are all closely connected with their subject. All have to do with the transitional period of Western Europe, the days when Roman and Teutonic elements were beginning to mix together in those countries which we commonly look on as specially forming the civilized world. Like Mr. Finlay in the East, M. Amédée Thierry in the West has been mainly engaged in drawing out in detail portions of that wide range of history which comes within the scope of the vast and wonderful sketch of Gibbon. It is not likely that Finlay or Thierry or any other writer will ever set Gibbon aside; but much good has been done and much good may still be done by writers minutely working, with the help of fresh materials and of the advance of scientific criticism, at portions of the great subject on which Gibbon necessarily touches but lightly. It is indeed a sign of the height at which Gibbon soared above his own age that later critics so seldom have positively to correct him in any part of his history. Even in a matter on which he touches in such a purely incidental way as the English Conquest of Britain, the general accuracy of his few masterly touches is wonderful in itself, and still more wonderful when we think of the floods of nonsense which professed students of the subject have poured out upon it since his day. But in the nature of things there is in his vast work much to be expanded, much to be put in fresh lights, much even, in a certain sense, to be corrected. For instance, Finlay and Thierry look, and it is right that they should look, at Byzantine and Gaulish affairs in a different light from that in which they naturally and rightly presented themselves to Gibbon. To Gibbon they were simply parts of the general Roman history; to their own special historians they are the early history of the French nation, and of the modern or artificial Greek nation. And this point of view carries the special historians into regions beyond even Gibbon's wide domain. They necessarily begin at an earlier time, and Mr. Finlay at least goes on to a much later. Each in short has a large part of his subject common to himself and Gibbon, but each has also a large part of it peculiar to himself.

\* *Histoire de la Gaule sous la Domination romaine.* Par M. Amédée Thierry. Nouvelle édition. Tomes premier et deuxième. Paris: Didier et Co. 1866.



The times dealt with by Amédée Thierry are in a certain sense the beginning of French history. We need hardly say that we have often kicked at the application of the word "French" to the times of Merovingian and Carolingian domination in Gaul. But we might perhaps allow it on condition that the word was applied to the days of Roman domination also. When Machiavelli talked of Brennus leading "the French" to Rome, the expression was a grotesque anachronism, but it was far more substantially accurate than when people talk of Pippin or Charles leading "the French" to Rome. The point to bear in mind is that, from the conquest of Cæsar to the establishment of the Parisian dynasty, Gaul was under a continuous foreign dominion. And among the different epochs of that foreign dominion the Roman period was marked by a dominion which was much less foreign than the Frankish dominion. The Gaulish people became Roman in a sense in which they never became Frankish. That their speech is Roman to this day is the proof of it.

This period of the history of Gaul has therefore a connexion with French history which certainly does not exist between English history and the contemporary history of Britain. While in Britain the English Conquest swept away everything Roman except a few walls and a few names, Gaul has never to this day lost the impress which she received from her Roman lords. It is the history of the ages during which this impress was received that M. Thierry deals with in the two present volumes. In his former History of the Gauls, he described the Roman Conquest of Gaul, taking as the last stage of the Conquest the suppression of the revolt of Civilis. He now traces the history of Gaul as a Roman province down to the beginnings of the Teutonic conquest. The Teutonic conquest itself will be dealt with in the remaining volumes of the work as it is now recast.

M. Thierry's subject then is the history of a Roman province, a kind of history which it is somewhat difficult to handle. A Roman province is in extent a modern kingdom, while in its political position it is simply an administrative division of the single Empire which surrounded the Mediterranean. It has no independent being, and consequently no independent history, no independent historians, of its own. For the most part its history is little more than a record of such events in the general history of the Empire as happened to take place within its bounds. On the other hand, there are hardly any such materials as we find in other ages for the history of particular districts and cities. When we add to this the general lack of good materials of any kind for so long a period of the general history of the Empire, when we think of the dreary interval which separates Tacitus from Ammianus, we shall see that the task which M. Thierry undertook was no light one. He had to produce something which was neither a general nor a local history, and with no great amount of the materials appropriate for either. The success of a work planned and achieved under such difficulties is very remarkable. Without attempting a general history of the Empire, M. Thierry has succeeded in producing a much more continuous and coherent narrative, and a much more interesting one than might have been thought possible. He had indeed great advantages in the nature and position of the particular province which forms his subject. Gaul was at all times one of the most important provinces of the Empire, and there were few provinces—none certainly in the West—which had so near an approach to an independent being. No part of the Empire beheld the rise of more of those tyrants or provincial Emperors of whom the third and fourth centuries were so full; and in the latter part of M. Thierry's period, when the Empire was so often more regularly divided between several Imperial colleagues, a Cæsar at least, if not an Augustus, was commonly found reigning at Trier or at Paris over a dominion of which Gaul formed the central and most important portion. We find, however, in M. Thierry with regard to Gaul, just as we find in Sir Francis Palgrave with regard to Britain, a certain tendency to see in the position of these local Emperors a nearer approach to the position of national sovereigns than the facts of the case at all bear out. This tendency is by no means so strong in M. Thierry as it is in Sir Francis Palgrave; still it is plainly to be seen, and it here and there affects his way of looking at things. No doubt a prince reigning in this way in Gaul might come to identify himself more closely with Gaul than with any other portion of the Roman territory; still the great idea of the unity of the Empire was never forgotten. The Emperor who reigned in Gaul was in no sense a Gaulish Emperor or a Gaulish King; he was either a pretender to the whole Empire who had failed to obtain more than a part, or else he was one of several Emperors reigning in common to whom the government of a particular part of the Empire had been assigned by regular division. And the dominions of the Emperor reigning in Gaul were not often confined to Gaul only. His dominions commonly took in the three great Western Provinces—Spain, Gaul, and Britain—stretching, it might be, from Atlas to the wall of Antoninus. Of such a dominion Gaul naturally formed the central portion and the dwelling-place of its ruler. Various cities of Gaul thus became the dwelling-places of Cæsars and Augusti till, in the last stage of M. Thierry's present narrative, when the great affair of the Empire was to check the Teutonic invasions, the Imperial attention was mainly drawn towards the Teutonic frontier, and Trier became, during several reigns, the capital of the whole West.

M. Thierry's materials thus become fuller than one might have expected. His history of Gaul sometimes comes so nearly to being a history of the whole Empire that we now and then forget that we are reading a history of Gaul, and miss the mention of events

which, as having no effect on the condition of the Gaulish province, had no fair claim to a place in M. Thierry's Gaulish narrative. We feel this especially in his narrative of the history of Julian, a narrative whose interest is so strangely carried first from Asia to Gaul and then back again from Gaul to Asia. We feel as if we were suddenly cut short and defrauded of something, because his Persian campaign is not told with the same fulness as his German campaign. In so saying we need hardly say that we are paying a high compliment to M. Thierry's narrative of the Gaulish reign of Julian.

Another important feature in M. Thierry's history is the prominence which he gives, and we think rightly gives, to ecclesiastical affairs. In the latter stage of the history, from Diocletian onwards, when the controversies between Christianity and Paganism, and between one form of Christianity and another, constitute the staple of the internal history of the Empire, this is no more than would be expected. But M. Thierry gives great prominence to the early preaching of the Gospel in Gaul and to the history or legends of the early saints and martyrs of the country. This is just as it should be; all these narratives form an important part of the local history. These early witnesses of the Faith, whose names could hardly be looked for in a general history of the Roman Empire, besides the religious interest attaching to them, besides the real immediate importance of their actions, are the men who have left their names to the great churches and monasteries of France, and to whom therefore Gaulish ecclesiastical history must always lead up as to its natural source. It is also important to notice, as M. Thierry does, the contrast between the spread of the Gospel in the West and in the East, how long Christianity remained essentially a Greek religion, and how slow its progress was in those parts of the Empire where either Latin or the primitive tongues of the West prevailed. In Gaul itself, Christianity came in as a Greek religion, through the Greek community of Lyons. The story of the famous martyrs of Lyons fills a prominent place in M. Thierry's first volume. Here he has authentic materials to draw upon, but in several places we have been somewhat amazed at the degree of faith which he accords to tales which to us seem simply legendary. For instance he accepts the story of the Theban Legion, which we really thought had long ago vanished into the region of fable. To be sure he refers us for an examination of the evidence to a note at the end of the volume; but then in our copy we cannot find any such note there. Then it strikes us that he has accepted the story that the Emperor Philip was a Christian on somewhat slight grounds. At all events it is somewhat of a self-denying ordinance in a Christian writer to accept the story, as Philip was certainly no credit to any religion. But it is a great gain to work out so fully as M. Thierry has done the true position of Christianity at the time of the great persecution, the threatening and aggressive aspect of the new religion, and the firm hold which it had already won for itself in a large part of the Empire. In a superficial way of looking at the history, we are tempted to wonder at the triumph of Christianity under Constantine following so soon after its time of deepest depression under Diocletian. The truth is that persecution and triumph alike are witnesses in different ways to the same fact—to the great, the well-nigh dominant position which Christianity had already won. The time was come when there was really no choice but either to extirpate Christianity or for the Empire to become Christian. Constantine saw that the last course was the politic one, a piece of political foresight which in no way calls in question the sincerity of his strange, gradual, imperfect conversion. And M. Thierry shows that Diocletian himself seems to have doubted between the two alternatives. The persecution was in the first instance forced upon him by his colleagues; for a long time he had shown such favour to the Christians that his conversion was commonly looked for. Julian's restoration of Paganism was hopeless; it was a mere fancy; it was not an appeal to national feeling, a revival of reverence for the national Gods; it was the dream of a theorist whose creed was half Hellenic, half philosophic.

It will thus be seen how far M. Thierry's subject carries him beyond the geographical limits of Gaul. But we think that he fairly makes his immediate subject the centre of his whole story. Of his treatment of some particular points we will speak in another article.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.\*

IT is difficult in the brief space of a review to do justice to a man's memory, when he has left behind him a great deal of rather remarkable verse, yet without winning the assured reputation of a poet, and many thoughtful papers on a fairly wide range of subjects, without being much of a *littérateur* or philosopher either. If this is difficult to do at all, it is nearly impossible, while his death is still recent, to do it to the satisfaction of those in whose hearts the personal impress of the writer is yet strong and deep. Clough was one of those men in whom the moral and the intellectual are so finely intermixed as to send to a *maximum* their power of personal impressiveness. In this, though perhaps in little else, he resembled Sterling, like whom also he enjoyed the warm friendship of Mr. Carlyle. But Clough's power of impressing others was so absolute that it could assert itself by reticence as

\* *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Selection from his Letters and a Memoir, edited by his Wife.* 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

much as by utterance. "I always felt his presence," said one of his friends. His own line

Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals playing, is said to be an exact memorial of what he was to those who were much with him. A calm judgment passed on the sum of such a man's remains, by one who never saw him, must almost inevitably disappoint those who saw and knew, and who remember.

In the arrangement of these volumes there is scarcely anything that does not deserve high praise. A brief memoir is followed by the letters and prose remains, and these make up the first volume; the verse fills the second. The memoir strikes us as uniting completeness with brevity. A man's wife, if she has the gifts of an "honest chronicler" at all, ought to be his best biographer. The *Letters of Lady Rachael Russell* and the *Memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson* are among the classics of this kind of literature; and the unpretending account of Clough, whether actually written or only inspired and superintended by his widow, shows much of the taste and judgment which in such memorials are imperative. We cannot dismiss it without expressing genuine admiration for two contributions to it—the first from a younger sister, the close companion of Clough's boyhood; the second from Professor Conington, who (though several years his junior) belonged to the same debating society at Oxford. One of these, describing their early life at Charleston, is a model of clear and graceful narrative, just what a biographical memoir should be; to the other we shall have occasion to recur.

The events of Clough's life are soon told. Born at Liverpool in 1819, he spent his early boyhood at Charleston, to which his father, for business reasons, removed; and in due course he was sent over to school in England, first at Chester, and afterwards at Rugby. A favourite pupil of Arnold's, and an unwearied worker, he went victoriously and blamelessly through Rugby, and won the Balliol scholarship. At Oxford he found the "movement" at its height. Mr. Ward was his great ally. Dr. Newman was still a Fellow of Oriel when Clough (after dropping into a second class in the schools) was elected there in 1842. His failure in the schools was the indication of the commotions and distractions through which his undergraduate mind had passed. For two years, as he himself most graphically has said, he was "as a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney." He ended in gravitating towards the pole directly opposite to Dr. Newman's. For the rest of his life he remained a conscientious sceptic on religious matters. This state of mind led in 1848 to the resignation, first, of his Tutorship, and then of his Fellowship. During two years he worked, against the grain, in London, as Head of University Hall. Disappointed of the Principalship of the University of Sydney, he went to America, and for many months was happily engaged in writing and pupil-work at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Here he confirmed a close connexion with Mr. Emerson, and made many warm friends, among whom perhaps the chief was Mr. C. E. Norton, whose name has since become well known. In 1853 he returned to take an Examinership in the Education Office, married on the income thus obtained, and lived a peaceful life, with a good deal of travelling towards the end in search of health, until his premature death in 1861. Paralysis, of which he died, was hereditary, but the tendency is believed to have been aggravated by the severe strain of his comparatively homeless years at school, and of his Oxford struggles.

Clough's letters are full of interest. They are not models of letter-writing, but he wrote through years of such varied and vivid and recent interest, that they form a collection well worth preserving. He writes from Rome during the siege of 1849; and from America, with Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Ticknor, Prescott, and Theodore Parker, all within easy reach. With Emerson he had been in Paris during the revolution of 1848, and he came back with the repute of a thoroughly *écervelé* republican, so that Mr. Matthew Arnold characteristically addressed a letter to "Citizen Clough, Oriel Lyceum, Oxford." Professor Child was then hard at work on his valuable and scholarlike investigations into Chaucerian scansion; and Clough, whose passion for English hexameters had thrown him much upon metre, writes freely upon that question. At Cautezetz, in the last year of his life, he met Mr. Tennyson; he walked with him down "the valley where the waters flow," and writes a letter which makes an extremely interesting commentary on those well-known lines. Throughout the letters there occur short passages of criticism which provoke a regret that he did not more seriously and continuously take up that kind of writing, and leave behind him something more carefully and completely done than the reviews which stand among his prose remains. He writes, for example, thoughtfully and sensibly of Theodore Parker, for whose Unitarian orthodoxy, as a substitute for any other 'doxy, he had "no particular love"; of Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems, valuing the *Scholar Gipsy* above all; of Plutarch, the Dryden translation of whom he revised for an American publisher; of Buckle's *History*, hoping his American friends are not "Bucklebewitched," like all the world this side the water; and on Crabbe, about whom he truly says that "there is no one more purely English (in the Dutch manner), no one who better represents the general result through the country of the eighteenth century."

It is not, however, as a letter-writer that Clough comes before us in these volumes. His remains present him as a serious writer and thinker on literature, or on the metaphysico-religious questions of the time, and as a writer of poems. Of his claims in this

double capacity we proceed to speak. For his literary work, it will be enough to say that he seems never to have warmed to it. We have before expressed regret that he did not take up literary criticism with seriousness and vigour, for his work as it stands is clearly not his best. The *Development of English Literature from Chaucer to Wordsworth* contains some good things, in particular the just and high estimate of the mental and moral standard of the eighteenth-century literature. But even these are awkwardly expressed, and the general impression left by this, and the paper on "Wordsworth" (contrasting poorly with Professor Shairp's recent review), is thin and unsatisfactory. What his mind was, rather than the actual results it left on paper, is the true object of interest in Clough; and this question leads us straight to his attitude as a man of serious reflection. On this point we can fortunately be quite clear; his *Notes on the Religious Tradition* (if nothing else) make it clear; and we cannot think the mental position and experience of such a man just now either insignificant or uninteresting. Clough, then, as the final result of his mental development while at Oxford, renounced Christianity. He renounced, that is to say, its dogmatic and historic claims. Three years after Dr. Newman had resigned his Fellowship on ceasing to be in any possible harmony with the Church of England, Clough resigned his on ceasing to be a Christian. But thenceforward to the end of his life he remained sincerely attached to the moral teaching of Christianity, apart from its external embodiment. Nothing would probably have pained him more than to be deemed on these matters indifferent. This allegiance he designated as a "falling back on the great religious tradition." And the general inheritance of religious tradition, embodied nowhere, but traceable everywhere—in Menu, Hafiz, Confucius; in Homer and Plato; in Lucretius and Tacitus; in Hume as well as in Butler—this, and a strict adherence to duty and kindness, supplied him through his later and married life with all he wanted of inner support.

It is, we suppose, a necessary characteristic of certain stages in national, as undoubtedly in individual, life, that this sort of mental attitude towards a great religion should attract a strong sentimental sympathy. That this is so, no one will dispute; and we are far indeed from attempting to gauge the loss or gain implied in its being so. What we are concerned in remarking is this; that Clough presents us with a case where this attitude towards Christianity can be shown to have arisen naturally out of a quality of mind having in it essentially more of weakness than of strength, and not deserving in its essence any special sympathy whatever. Professor Conington, in his interesting reminiscence of Clough, records a debate in the society called the "Decade," the subject being "that the study of philosophy is of more value to the formation of opinion than the study of history." This proposition Clough supported, using an argument that culminated in these words, "What is it to me to know the fact of the battle of Marathon, or the fact of the existence of Cromwell? I have it all within me." "Not," he explained, "that it is of no importance to me that these things were; but it is of no importance that I should know it." Such a proposition might conceivably be maintained from the love of paradox; but Clough was the last man to maintain it for that reason. When laid down *bonâ fide* as he laid it down, it denotes an unusual attachment to abstractions for their own sake, an exaggerated belief in the isolated independence of the human mind, and a very incomplete notion of the relations between history and the individual man. That these conditions should lead (as they led Clough) to the analogous conclusion that "a man may know all that is important in Christianity without so much as knowing that Jesus of Nazareth ever existed," was almost inevitable. It was natural then that he should break away more and more from any sort of alliance with dogma, and should follow the instinct described in the lines in his *Dipsychus* (lines which he was foud of quoting)—

It seems His never Will  
We should not think of Him at all, but turn  
And of the world that He has given us make  
What best we can.

That such intellectual conditions as have been described may have a value in certain fields of philosophical analysis is plain. But we deny that they have in themselves any claim to particular sympathy, or that they are likely to prove "helpful" (as the phrase goes) to the present generation.

Of the poems left by Clough it would be necessary to say something more than we are about to say had not most of them been for several, and some of them for many, years before the public. The *Dipsychus* is new. It is that one of his four long poems which had no place in the earlier volume. At the risk of running counter to a probable majority of its author's admirers, we cannot but regard it as on the whole a failure. Taking up (as its name denotes) the old-world struggle between the lofty, transcendental spirit of unselfish purity, and the opposite impulses of callousness and self-interest, it deals with a trite subject in a style which does not even aim at originality. The Spirit of Evil answers to the name of Mephistopheles, and that in itself (by reason of suggested contrasts) is a pity. A semblance of movement is thrown over the poem by laying the scene at Venice, and by fixing each conflicting dialogue at some new point—the Piazza, the Lido, the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's. When we have added that the sinister spirit begins his attacks during a period of dejection, while *Dipsychus* is dreamily repeating the words of a powerful but repulsive ode called "Easter Day," with the refrain "Christ is not risen," enough will have been said on a poem to illustrate which



nothing would be gained by a series of quotations. We should feel inclined to apply to it a phrase from the lips of Dipsychus himself, and to call it a collection "of unripe words and rugged verse." It will meet with a favourable reception from those who value the soul's "tumult rather than its depth"; but no one who reflects on what a poet like Mr. Browning would have made of the same subject will feel disposed to call it anything more than a remarkable *tour de force*.

The *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* remains unchanged. Say what you will to the hexameters, a pleasanter Long-Vacation pastoral than the *Bothie* never was and never will be written, and every University man who has not read it through is so far a loser. This poem, which was thrown on the world by Clough with a sort of chuckle just after he had resigned his Fellowship, was received in New England with something like enthusiasm. Among ourselves it will always, and deservedly, remain its author's best-known and most popular production. The quasi-serious moral about the equalization of different classes in society scarcely belongs to the fibre of the pastoral. That is made up of really life-like portraits of the Oxford Tutor and his pupils, and of descriptions of Highland scenery and Highland ways only possible to a man of remarkable power, and earnestly in love with both. The excellent banter on social questions culminates when Hobbes, the enthusiastic Pugin-worshipper of the party, makes his famous proposal for a

Treatise upon the *Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women*; Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent. Where shall in specimen seen be the scullion's stumpy-columnar (Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any), Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and Later—  
and so forth.

The *Amours de Voyage* is perhaps the cleverest of all the poems. It is a set of hexameter letters (with pretty, though rugged, elegiac reliefs between) describing with a very acute power of observation the growth, in spite of himself, and the ineffectual end, of a travelling attachment formed by a *dilettante* philosophical tourist. The interest is heightened by the poem having been written at Rome during the siege. This power of observing and recording actual life grew on Clough, and, had he lived longer, it might have prompted a more complete poem than any he has left behind him. At any rate the series of tales called *Mari Magno*, clearly suggested by his fondness for Crabbe, and some of them written very closely after Crabbe's manner, indicate that his tendencies were working in that direction. The *Clergyman's Second Tale* is as finely told as its moral is lofty and powerful. The scene where the penitent husband, meeting in London the woman who had beguiled him from his duty, and whose sinister life has "run full circle," and watching her move away as their sudden interview is broken by some passing stranger, is admirably and most impressively written:—

He watched them in the gas-lit darkness go,  
And a voice said within him "Even so";  
So midst the gloomy mansions where they dwell  
The lost souls walk the flaming streets of hell.

To write on the minor poems would be endless. Those on the inner life all more or less indicate the mental peculiarity of which we have spoken. The poems on "Biblical Subjects" might, we think, just as well have been omitted. But the "Songs in Absence," and several of the reprints from the *Ambareddia*, are well worth preserving. Among the former, "Out of sight out of mind" is very charming; and of the earlier pieces, *Quæ cursum ventus* and "Through a glass darkly," are relics which no reader will soon forget.

It is not difficult to understand how the author of these Remains should have prompted a poem like *Thyrsis*—worthy companion of *Lycidas* and *Adonais*—in a friend like Mr. Matthew Arnold. It must have been written, however, much as Andrea del Sarto may be supposed to have remembered a friend whose workmanship he could often smile at or regret, while he revered and loved his spirit. And that is the sum of the impression left by these volumes. Clough was neither great as a poetical artist, nor as a man who could furnish sure guidance to the intellect, or aid and support to the spirit. But he unwaveringly maintained through life that supreme moral standard which is necessary alike for the man of creed and the man of no creed; and in literature he adhered faithfully to the sound and genuine principles of work on which alone true literary progress can be based, and for want of loyalty to which many men of greater genius than he have failed.

#### CHRONICLE OF THE ABBEY OF MEAUX.\*

THIS third and last volume of Abbot Burton's Chronicle of Meaux brings the narrative down to 1406, the record of the last few years being supplied by a monk of the house, who continued it after Burton's death in 1399. It differs in one important respect from the earlier volumes, inasmuch as the chronicler's plan of adding to his history of the monastery under each abbot an account of contemporary public events is only carried out here for the first abbacy of Hugh of Leven, and terminates with the year 1348. The short portion of historical narrative which is given refers mainly to the French wars of Edward III., and is of great interest, being taken from a source independent of the common authorities. We learn from it, among other things, that Edward

struck a new coinage in memory of his naval victory off Sluys, in 1340, having the device of a ship with the legend *Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat*. The invasion of Aquitaine by the Earl of Derby in 1345, the battle of Cressy, and the siege of Calais are very fully related. There is also a chapter on the invasion of England by King David of Scotland, and the battle of Neville's Cross. But after 1349 the whole interest of the Chronicle centres in the minute insight it affords into the condition of the Abbey itself. And this, as illustrating the monastic life of the fourteenth century, is very instructive.

There are of course two broad lines of discussion open on the question of the merits of the conventual, or, as its mediæval panegyrist were fond of terming it, the angelic type of holy living. In the first place, it may be asked whether such an ideal is really the highest, and is one possible of attainment, or desirable to be arrived at. On that question it would be out of place to enter at length here. We shall merely observe that it is one on which there have long been, and probably always will be, two opinions among equally thoughtful and devout Christians, and, moreover, that the question is much older than Christianity. Centuries before the Advent of Christ, the East had been studded with vast Buddhist monasteries which in all external respects present the closest resemblance to the institutions of St. Basil or St. Benedict. But there is a second question which forces itself on the attention of the historian, and which the most casual reader of this latter portion of the *Chronicle of Meaux* can hardly help constantly asking himself. Supposing the monastic ideal to be a good one in the abstract, how far has it been consistently carried out under circumstances apparently the most favourable? In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the mediæval Church was at the zenith of her power, the monastic system was in full possession, and there were as yet no secular interests or avocations of a peaceful kind to draw away youthful enthusiasm from the cloister to the world. Nor can the tide of corruption, which all but the most partial advocates admit to have overwhelmed many at least of these professing homes of piety before the outbreak of the Reformation, be supposed to have yet commenced. We may add that, in taking the Abbey of Meaux as a specimen case, we are not selecting a *corpus vile* to experimentalize upon. It was a large and important monastery founded in the middle of the eleventh century on the strict Cistercian rule, which was itself a reform of the Benedictine, and one of the severest in the Church. Those who have read Mr. Dalgairns's graphic, though somewhat enthusiastic, sketch of its inauguration at Cîteaux by St. Stephen Harding, published in the Littlemore series of *Lives of the English Saints*, or the picture of the same abbey some few years afterwards in Morison's *Life of St. Bernard*, will know what was the recognised standard of Cistercian life and devotion. And if they turn from those glowing pictures of unworldliness, mortification, toil and prayer, to the account of the internal life of the Cistercian Abbey of Meaux during the fourteenth century, traced by the hand of an abbot of the house—who, if he does not gloss over scandals, certainly does not set down aught in malice—they cannot fail to experience a startling, and, to all who are in love with the ideal so eloquently depicted by St. Bernard, a very disagreeable revulsion of feeling. We cannot do better than adopt the tests suggested by Mr. Bond, in his carefully written preface, of the fidelity of the system to its professed aims, as illustrated by this closing portion of Abbot Burton's narrative.

One rough but obvious method of gauging the efficiency of the system at Meaux would be to ask how many votaries it succeeded in attracting. For it must be remembered that in the period under review no one, learned or simple, and whatever might be his personal shortcomings, entertained the shadow of a doubt that the monastic life was the most pleasing to God, and the surest road to heaven. Yet, with one temporary exception, we find a gradual and steady falling-off in the number of monks, and still more of *conversi* or lay brothers, during the period from the foundation of the Abbey to the time when the Chronicle concludes, though its resources were constantly augmented by fresh benefactions. The first abbot had by great exertions raised the number to forty, but by the death of the second it had sunk to thirty-two. Once, in the middle of the thirteenth century, there were as many as sixty monks and ninety lay brothers, but the monks soon declined, and sunk by 1349 to forty-two monks and seven lay brothers; and in 1393 Burton gives a list of only twenty-eight in all, there being no lay brothers, and their place supplied by a large retinue of hired servants, of whom no less than forty are mentioned. If we pass from the numbers to the character of the inmates of the Abbey, our ideal preconceptions receive a still ruder shock. A great many had been devoted to the cloister from infancy by their parents, and had no will of their own in the matter. Many men of rank and property entered it in advanced age, purchasing their admission by large donations, under the impression that to die in a monk's cowl would secure their salvation, sometimes on the condition of securing maintenance for life by the gift, much as persons in our own day purchase an annuity. Nor does it appear that their lives were at all strictly regulated by convent rules when they got there. Putting aside charges of actual immorality, which are in many places not indirectly indicated both in monks and *conversi*, and to which we referred in noticing the first volume of this Chronicle, it is clear that the temporal business and gains of the house were to the majority of the monks, and especially to the abbots, the one absorbing concern of life. The Abbey was never free from lawsuits, and monks attended the assizes as attorneys for the abbot. Sometimes they were sent to London, and much oftener

\* *Chronica Monasterii de Melis.* Edited by Edward A. Bond. Vol. III. London: Longmans & Co. 1863.

to Rome, to fight by intrigue and bribery the battles of the house, or of one party in it against another. For the perpetual quarrels among members of the convent are almost as noticeable a feature as their perpetual litigation with outsiders. Nor were their means of acquiring their property, superstitious motives apart, by any means the most creditable. There seems to have been a great deal of sharp practice in the way of advancing ready money to men in embarrassed circumstances on condition of having an estate made over to them, appropriations of livings, receiving wealthy patients into their infirmary when dying, or children to rear on condition of receiving grants of land or money, and the like. And these transactions, of course, often involved them in litigation with the relatives of the persons concerned. Meantime the Pope was constantly on the watch to draw revenue from the litigation which his interference in the affairs of the house had provoked and prolonged. On one occasion, when the Papal confirmation was thought necessary for securing some very questionable appropriations of livings, the costs and trouble of obtaining this were enormous. Two Cardinals were paid a sum of 400 florins for their assistance. It is curious in this case to find that a difficulty arose from the Roman officials declining to insert Edward III.'s title as King of France, in which form it appeared in the Royal deed of confirmation; and at last the Pope with his own hand covered the word *Francia*, in the original document, with green wax, in token of its suppression.

Perhaps no better illustration of the general condition of conventual discipline at Meaux can be found than in the strange history of William of Dringhowe, who is reckoned seventeenth abbot. His first abbacy lasted from 1349 to 1353, when he was displaced by a cabal headed by Robert of Rislay, the cellarer, who bribed the two neighbouring abbots of Fountains and Lowth Park to hold a visitation, and elect him in Dringhowe's place, whom they deposed, on a charge of impoverishing the Abbey, granting him a chamber and a pension of five marks. But fresh charges were preferred by Rislay, who wished to get rid of his rival from the house, and Dringhowe fled to Rome. On this Rislay found it prudent to resign, and Robert of Beverley, the cellarer, was elected abbot in his place. He immediately despatched a monk to Rome to invite the ex-abbot to assent to his election on the promise of further allowances. The offers made were insufficient, and the terms finally accepted by Dringhowe are certainly a very odd comment on his view of the obligations of his monastic vows, to which, however, no objection seems to have been made at Rome:—

He exacted a pension of 100*l.*; firing and litter for his chamber; eight pounds of candles; two cordons in provisions; a monk to keep him company at table; a secular servant; freedom from claustral, choral, and chapter services; liberty to leave the precincts of the monastery at pleasure during the day, and to converse with secular persons; horses for himself and one attendant, whenever he might wish to ride for recreation, or other cause; and rank and place in the choir and chapter next to the abbot. He further stipulated for repayment of all his expenses while at the Court of Rome, past and to come. When the agreement was duly executed, William of Dringhowe and his adherents left the Papal Court, and returned to the monastery.

Robert of Beverley held office for eleven years, and on his death, in 1367, fresh quarrels broke out among the monks, who were equally divided upon two rival candidates for the abbacy. The dispute was at last compromised by the unanimous re-election of the deposed Abbot Dringhowe, but John of Rislay, who had meanwhile removed from Meaux to the Abbey of Roche, happening at the time to be at Rome, immediately commenced proceedings against him with a view to his own restoration. Dringhowe obtained an order of recall of Rislay from his own abbot, and sent a servant with it to Rome, who was instructed to make terms with him, and in this he eventually succeeded with the help of a paid advocate, who received a yearly pension of forty shillings for life for his services. We have dwelt on this little episode of the story from the striking light it throws incidentally on the internal state of the monastery. Thirty years later, when the Abbot William of Scarborough wished to resign on account of his old age, the monks, who appreciated the convenience of having a King Log to rule over them, refused to accept his resignation, and he had to appeal to the Duke of Gloucester, who after some delay succeeded in enforcing the election of a new abbot. Hardly less curious is the account of the proceedings of Abbot Hugh, in order to get possession, for the Abbey, of the rectories of Easington and Kayingham, which, if there is any such thing as simony, it would be very difficult indeed to exclude from the category. This same Abbot Hugh had a new crucifix put up in the choir, which the sculptor always worked at with a naked model before him, *secundum cuius formosam imaginem crucifixum ipsum aptius decoraret*. We need hardly say that it was found, when completed, to be possessed of miraculous powers; and the monks obtained special permission for females to be allowed access to it, many of whom, however, as the chronicler testifies, came with very cold devotion and from mere curiosity to see the church, thus putting the monastery to expense in entertaining them, instead of making any offerings to it.

We must conclude with the following passage from Mr. Bond's preface, which is a fair summary of the external history of this, and probably of most other large abbeys, during a great part of the period of their existence. His remark, that one of the chief benefits posterity owes to them is the development of law and respect for judicial proceedings, will be as new to the admirers as to most of the assailants of the monastic orders:—

The most serious interruption to the repose and abstraction from worldly matters which the monastic system was designed to secure, was the

frequent litigation a wealthy convent was subject to. The very merits of a religious house—its pacific character and its thriftiness—made it an object of attack to those who benefited by its action, and who ought to have been its best protectors. Its wealth tempted the depredator. The sovereign exacted subsidies from it; borrowed money from it; pensioned his dependants on it; and demanded its hospitality. The Pope drew revenue from it, and fed his numerous court by charges of litigation which his interference in its affairs instigated and prolonged. The bishop jealously watched his opportunities of exercising his prerogatives, as visitant or patron of the spiritualities of the house, to draw business to his court or to exact fines. The nobles, who were jealous of its local influence, unscrupulously exercised their power in plundering it of its property. To protect itself against these harpies the convent was armed with the powers of the law of the land, was screened by protection of the Papal Court, and strengthened by the religious influence it was able to exercise on the populace and on all with whom it had dealings. But the necessary consequence of its position was a condition of almost incessant litigation. In the chronicle before us, and in other similar histories of religious houses, the convent is rarely without a law on hand. Indeed, one of the great benefits which posterity has derived from these communities is the development of the laws, and the respect for judicial proceedings which they were so much interested in promoting. Direct violence and fraud were incompatible with their character. Legal chicanery was the medium they relied upon for attaining unjust advantages, as legal redress was their resort for whatever wrongs they might be subjected to. In depending on the action of the law they had many advantages. They could play off the ecclesiastical against the civil courts. If the King's Courts were adverse or tyrannical, they could appeal to the Pope's tribunals. If the bishop's jurisdiction was exercised to their prejudice, they could resort to the law of the land or to Papal protection. Their wealth and the extent of their affairs enabled them to retain permanent counsel. Their connexion with other houses, and their relations to the Pope, gave them the means of securing support at the Court of Rome. Their local influence served to win over the favour of magistrates and official persons. Their perpetuity enabled them to bide their time. Their long purse enabled them to bribe corrupt judges.

#### LOST FOOTSTEPS.\*

IT is very questionable whether the pantomime has been much improved by one of the changes that have been made in it within these last few years. Nowadays the audience is not content with one clown or one columbine, but must have two or three of each on the boards at once. Perhaps this innovation is not, however, of great consequence in the pantomime, for as no one understands what the plot is, so no one can be in the least degree confused by any conceivable multiplication of the same character. The case of a novel, however, is very different, and we must protest at once against any similar innovation in fiction. It has long been understood that there is to be only one heroine in one novel. The author may do with her whatever he likes, and may make her fall in love with as many men as he pleases; but of these lovers one in his turn must stand foremost, and be the hero, and one alone. Though the hero must be the heroine's lover, he need not of course be her husband; in fact, in the more fashionable novels, he generally makes her acquaintance rather after marriage than before it. Still, as we have just said, whatever be the connexion between hero and heroine, there is to be only one of each sort. We feel, therefore, greatly aggrieved with Mr. Joseph Verey, who in his story of *Lost Footsteps* gives us three, if not four, heroines, with three, if not four, heroes to correspond. As the doubtful fourth heroine merely gets married in the ordinary English method, and has nothing to do (except so far as she is a hero's cousin) with murders, suicides, executions, or anything of the sort, we will not claim for her the exalted rank of a heroine, but will reduce the number to three. Of these three it is somewhat difficult to decide which takes the lead. Mary Gabriel, the daughter of the wealthy but vulgar miller, might in an ordinary novel fairly claim to be the genuine heroine, for to her lot falls the regulation early death by consumption, with the sentimental death-bed scene, followed by the burial in the old English churchyard, flowers, of course, being scattered over her grave by the charity-school children. But we fear that poor Mary must yield place to the other two, and it is between these that the real rivalry lies. Louise Kalm cannot indeed, like Mary Gabriel, boast of the early consumption; still she does her best. She is for two or three days in a state of catalepsy, is left for dead by her husband and the doctors, and is within an ace of getting buried. In fact, her coffin is buried with all state in the family vault, but happily she is not in it. Then, too, she is twice married; her first husband meets a violent death, and her second husband is of course the man she ought all along to have married. Great as are the claims of Louise, Cecily after all remains our favourite heroine, for not only is she a charming creature in herself, but a dignity is cast on her by her parentage; for her mother commits forgery, adultery, and suicide, while her father, sharing in the first two crimes, and adding to them murder, unfortunately, before he can gain additional glory by committing the third, gets hanged at the Old Bailey. The heroes, we regret to say, are hardly worthy of the heroines. Adrian Hope, however, Cecily's half-brother, has many of the qualifications of a hero, and only fails, in fact, by being in his own person altogether stupid and uninteresting. Still, the author does for him what he can, and being perhaps aware that he has not the slightest power of delineating character, makes up for his deficiency by a series of the most startling events, presentiments, and coincidences, through which he leads Adrian. The second and third heroes for about two volumes correspond pretty closely to the clown and pantaloone of the Christmas performance, and their jokes, which spread over a great many pages, are not

\* *Lost Footsteps*. A Novel. By Joseph Verey. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.



much inferior to theirs in humour. Like the clown and pantaloons, they too are subject to a transformation scene; for towards the close of the third volume, when it is time for the sentimental and sensational scenes alone, their characters are changed and their humour laid aside. Dull as they are when they have become sentimental and respectable, we are not sure that they were not much duller when they were professed jokers. Mr. Verrey may be so unfortunate as to number among his acquaintances young men who talk the most vulgar slang; nevertheless, he might bear the burden of their friendship himself, and not try to lay it on his readers. If we were so unfortunate as to know a young Templar who talked of Shakspeare as "the unapproachable Bill," or described his uncle as "the antique buffer," or spoke of his friend as being "rather dickey in fact," we should as quickly as possible dissolve the acquaintance and keep it a secret that it had ever existed.

Mr. Joseph Verrey has yet to learn that vulgarity is not wit, and that a man may talk a great deal of slang and yet not be in the least degree humorous. Though, as we have said, a transformation takes place towards the close of the story, and sentimentality takes the place of vulgarity, yet apparently Mr. Verrey cannot keep long at the elevation to which he raises himself, but finds it necessary, like the dog in the Book of Proverbs, to return to that which he had previously rejected. The third hero, therefore, emigrates to the United States, and so makes an ingenious opening for a great deal of Yankee slang and some startling adventures with Indians. As he had been purified by the third heroine's sentimental deathbed—Mary Gabriel, in fact, being killed off expressly for his good, and the charity children scattering the flowers solely to touch his thoughtless nature—it would never do for him to relapse into his old jocosity. He writes, therefore, a very long letter and merely records in it the slang of others. Therefore, while our third hero still keeps at his moral elevation, we have a Yankee introduced to entertain us for a few pages with the following kind of talk:—

"Who's the ton of corpulence surveying her with sich languishing looks?"

"Mr. Grabbe, the miller of Chipley Falls."

"And a happy young swell Grabbe would be, if he could tell where his knees are located, or any living critter could say he had a waist; and wheer is this perlitte company bound for?"

It is not to be expected that an author who through three long volumes treats his readers to jokes which a Cheap Jack at a country fair would be almost ashamed to utter, should have the smallest power of forming a plot. A story, he thinks, may be made much in the same way as a plum-pudding; all that has to be done is to take the proper number of unwholesome ingredients and mix them up together. He selects, therefore, for his incidents, one, if not two, suicides; an attack of catalepsy, the violent death of a madman, forgery, adultery, burglary, murder; an execution, a shipwreck, a barricade in Paris, a trial for supposed murder in Brittany, a fight with Indians, and, throwing in presentiments, mesmerism, and tedious talks on art, relieves the whole mixture by the slang talk of two of his heroes, and by pages and pages of the broken English of a foreign artist. Outrageous as the incidents are, the coincidences are still more outrageous. It is impossible for us to attempt to describe the plot, or rather the plots of the story; a slight sketch of some of the more startling events will show what an insult the author offers to his readers' understandings when he puts before them such a series of events as a picture of human life. Martin Hope (Adrian's father) gets transported for a forgery, which had been committed by his wife and her paramour Wolfe, while he himself is quite innocent. Martin being thus out of the way, to this worthy couple is born Cicely, the first heroine. When Adrian was about nine years old, his mother, as she was ill-treated by Wolfe, determines to commit suicide, and to that end naturally enough takes the steamer for Rotterdam, so that she may throw herself overboard. Adrian's father being therefore a convict in Australia, and his mother drowning in the German Ocean, his case would seem to be a hard one. But, by coincidence number one, on board the same steamer happens to be his uncle's greatest friend, Mr. Joyce. By coincidence number two Mr. Joyce, among all the passengers, is the only one who takes care of Adrian, though he does not know him; and by coincidence number three he takes him, on his return to England, straight to the uncle's house, where he is at once recognised. This is pretty well for one character, but Adrian at nine years old has not done with coincidences. A few years later at a show, by coincidence number four, he recognises his half-sister Cicely in the girl performing. Losing sight of her again, he happily, for the second hero and for one of the plots, once in his life drinks too much champagne, and is led by dissolute companions into one of the London music halls, though he had been "expressly cautioned against them by the good clergyman." There he finds, by coincidence number five, his half-sister in Madlle. Verney, the popular singer. Later on, when Louise, the second heroine, marries M. Morel instead of Adrian, and being neglected by her husband, falls at once into a state of catalepsy, Adrian, by a presentiment, or by coincidence number six, comes over from England to Rotterdam just in time to get by stealth into the chamber of death, as the supposed corpse opens its eyes. He at once snatches it up in his arms, bears it by secret passages to his lodgings, blows out the candle as the landlady opens the door, so that she does not know that her lodger has a visitor, and at last revives his apparently lifeless mistress. Well does our author observe that for him "tamely to resign Louise again after

this event was quite out of the question." He takes Louise over to England and places her in his uncle's family. Meanwhile her husband, utterly ignorant of what has become of his wife, and believing her to be dead, buries an empty coffin and claims the money settled on her as his own. Although, as Mr. Verrey observes, "everywhere upon the Continent interment takes place very speedily after death," and although some time must have elapsed after the catalepsy before Louise was well enough to take the steamer to England, yet Mr. Joyce, on hearing from Adrian of what had happened, had time to arrange that the mock funeral should be watched. We quite agree with Mr. Verrey that "it was evident that Mr. Joyce had taken the field with promptitude." Sea-air, as might naturally be expected, was required to restore Louise's health, and when they were at the seaside, equally naturally, a great storm arose and a steamer was wrecked. Martin Hope, who had returned from transportation, dashed into the waves and saved a drowning passenger, who, by coincidence number seven, was no other than M. Morel, Louise's husband. We should have mentioned that, by coincidence number eight, Martin, on his way to his brother's home, had arrested a burglar in the act of breaking into a neighbour's house, who proved to be no other than his old acquaintance Wolfe, who at the beginning of the story had seduced his wife and committed the forgery. Though M. Morel is saved from drowning, yet, being very much in the way, he goes mad, and, by coincidence number nine, meets Adrian on a rickety bridge in Brittany. A struggle ensues, and, the battements giving way, M. Morel falls into the stream, and is killed. But Martin, hurrying over from England in pursuit of the madman, and, losing his way, puts up in a farm-house, where, by coincidence number ten, M. Morel's dead body is shortly afterwards brought. By coincidence number eleven, the only time the second hero goes to a public execution, he sees hanged the father of the girl he afterwards marries. Our readers will have had enough, and more than enough, of these monstrous coincidences. One word of parting advice, however, to Mr. Verrey; he has written an utterly bad novel, and as he does not seem to us to have any of the qualifications of a novelist, we do not look for any improvement if he should be so ill advised as to make another attempt. Let him, however, act up to the spirit of the lines which he has selected as his motto:—

Men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

We do not know if a stepping-stone formed of the dead self of a modern novelist will raise any one much towards higher things. A man has got a good way, however, when he has learnt what he cannot do, and we trust that Mr. Verrey will be proved to have learnt this lesson at all events.

#### THE PARIS DISCUSSION ON MILITARY ORGANIZATION.\*

IT has been the fashion for the last three years to regard the French army as somewhat behind the age in the race for military superiority, and its officers as inferior in energy, as well as in educational endowment, to those of Prussia. Nor can it be denied that the democratic element largely mixed up with the commissioned ranks of the former service, in which the majority of the sub-lieutenants owe their epaulette to chance conscription and a *bourgeois* education, forms unpromising material on which to build professional knowledge, in contrast with that offered by the University training and subsequent teaching of the War School through which the Prussian ensign passes. On the other hand, the French have, as compensation, a number of well-taught cadets passing into their cavalry and infantry every year from the College of St. Cyr, whilst the very flower of the youthful ability of the Empire competes hotly for the national prizes offered by the Polytechnic, and among them for the vacancies of the favourite *corps aux talents*, the Artillery and Engineers. In the one army, the higher ranks of which are a close borough, the aim is to give every officer the education of a gentleman first, and to graft on this at a mature age a fair portion of professional training. In the other, the attempt is honestly made to connect the body of officers with the life of the whole nation; but as this can in practice be only done at the sacrifice, in the majority of instances, of complete teaching, a high professional standard is insisted on in the case of the smaller part which the State undertakes directly to prepare. And thus, although there may be much ignorance and narrow-mindedness among the class as a whole, France can find in her service representatives of the highest scientific ability when she has special need of such assistance.

Marshal Niel, amidst other efforts to restore the military prestige shaken by the events of 1866, turned his attention to the want of theoretical study charged upon his subordinates by the Continental press. The *Conférences* recently published may be looked on as a special result of his desire to call together the best talent of the service by the attractive method of public discussion; and whilst some of the papers before us are produced in direct reply to Prussian theorists, nearly all have naturally for their text the events of the great German struggle, or the lessons drawn from them by previous writers. In such papers as these we must expect to find a good deal that is vague, and many deductions from what may prove to be by no means sufficient premisses; but they are all intelligently written

\* *Commission des Conférences régimentaires. Conférence No. I. Paris. Dumaine.*

by soldiers avowedly on the side of reform and progress in the military art; and as French honour and French glory are not directly concerned in the events reviewed, there is a degree of impartiality to be found in their criticisms which might otherwise have been looked for in vain.

The first, and to the general reader the most important, of these pamphlets is the treatise of M. Nugues, a lieutenant-colonel of the Staff Corps, on the various organizations of the great European armies, and it is to this that we now call special attention, reserving for the present the more technical essays. As the English army is not forgotten, we have the opportunity at once of testing how far Colonel Nugues and his fellow-labourers possess the thorough knowledge of details which their subject needs; and we are not much encouraged at first by being told that our Militia corresponds somewhat to the old French local National Guard, whereas we know the Militia to be in truth an unsatisfactory supplement to our weak Line, imperfectly trained and organized, liable to no foreign service, recruited from inferior material, and officered indifferently by idle gentry, often dissociated locally from those they command. Our French critic notices of course the broad distinction between the two classes which make up our army, and the rareness of promotion from the ranks, without apparently discovering that the vital cause of this lies in the system of enlistment which brings us hardly any recruit who, if really educated, is well-conducted, or, if a well-conducted soldier, is an educated man. So, too, the sale of commissions is spoken of as the abuse which prevents the promotion of the soldier, whereas those who know the subject are well aware that the number of eligible non-commissioned officers available for the distinction falls far short of the number of free commissions placed by death and other casualties at the disposal of the Horse Guards. It is unfair perhaps to expect in a foreigner an accuracy which might be sought in vain amongst our ordinary newspaper writers; but Colonel Nugues, if handling this subject at all, might with justice have distinguished between the iron barrier of class which forbids absolutely the elevation of the soldier in Prussia, and the circumstances which tend to make the percentage of such promotions in the British army a small one, though no part of our system is worked with greater regularity than the opening of the commissioned ranks to all below them who are qualified by character and attainments.

It is more interesting to pass to what is said of the Prussian service, since the current of events has naturally turned the observation of military reformers generally, and of those of France more particularly, upon the organization which has achieved such great results at so small an expenditure. M. Nugues gives a clear account of the different reserves of Prussia, and explains, with a care we have not elsewhere met, the formation of the *Ersatz*, or special Reserve, often altogether overlooked in notices of the North German system. The *Ersatz* comprises, under two classes, all male subjects who escape more regular training, but who are notwithstanding held liable to it in case of pressure. It is formed in two ways. In the first place, there are in every district a certain number of young men liable in all respects to service, but beyond the strength necessary to make up the various corps. In the second, there are many exemptions allowed, as for petty bodily infirmities, for shortness of stature, and for family circumstances which render the young man's labour essentially necessary for the support of others. All such are attached to the *Ersatz*, but are subdivided into two distinct classes. The first comprises all who are likely to be of real service if called upon. They are enrolled for five years, and are trained with the *Reservisten* (or men who have gone through the regular service in the Line) for a few weeks every other year. In the event of war, they are liable to be brought at once with these into the ranks. The other class is only borne on a roll in time of peace and undergoes no training, but is disposable for the use of the authorities, like every other adult Prussian between seventeen and forty-two years of age, in event of a threatened invasion. Only the first class of the *Ersatz*, therefore, adds to the real strength of the military power of the nation, and this is stated by Colonel Nugues to give an addition of 30,000 partially trained men to the numbers of the ordinary Reserve.

Of the latter, and of that very distinct body, the Landwehr, sufficient details are given to enable any reader to comprehend the technical distinction, although the French critic does not attempt to go deeper, or to trace the causes of the increasing jealousy of the political spirit of the latter. This feeling has led the Prussian Government to thrust its militia more and more into the background since the events of 1859 and 1866; it made General Vogel dismiss into garrison, after his first action in Western Germany, the whole of his Landwehr contingent, and restrained Von Moltke from making any use of the force in Bohemia until that kingdom had been abandoned by the Austrians. In the illustrated papers of Berlin and Leipzig the brave Landwehrman did feats of valour at Sadowa, and was depicted as standing triumphantly amid slaughtered Austrian *jägers* sacrificed to his unerring needle-gun; but in plain fact no Landwehr whatever went with the First and Second Armies over the frontier, and the only time that any of them saw the enemy during the war was in the action of part of Vogel's force with the Hanoverians at Langensalza, where some of their battalions shared Flies's defeat, and murmured bitterly against the Government which had sent them into the field with the muzzle-loaders rejected for the Line. Missing all this, Colonel Nugues does not omit to note, in his summary of the Prussian system—what, to a Frenchman, would naturally seem its weakest point—the permission to marry at almost any period. Hence, he remarks, “the mobilisation of the

Prussian army must bring trouble into every family, stop every kind of work and business, check the whole civil existence of the nation, and render it impossible to maintain a war of any long duration”—a remark of which it is impossible to contest the truth, but which does not touch the fact that the main object of the new military organization now adopted by Northern Germany is to throw the whole striking power of the nation into such complete and sudden action as shall render a prolonged struggle unnecessary.

The reviewer does not attempt to follow in detail the various experiments in army reorganization on which Austria and Russia are engaged. The Italian system is noticed chiefly for its resemblance to its French model, and for the enormity of its exemptions, which leave but two-fifths of the male youth annually available for the conscription. Of these, rather more than one-half (60,000) enter the army for five years' service, followed by six in the Reserve, while the other 50,000 form a second Reserve, not unlike our own Militia, and are supposed to have forty days' training annually for five years. But Italian military projects are subject to financial laws, and Italy cannot at present afford to keep more than 200,000 men under arms at a time, including Line and Reserves of all kinds. Furloughs for indefinite periods must of necessity be very largely employed to keep a paper army of 700,000 men down to this standard.

So much has been of late written of the new French army, that it is unnecessary to follow Colonel Nugues in his explanation of its working, or his defence of its necessity. Prussia has, as his essay clearly shows, furnished the original model of the reforms accomplished by the Paris Ministry of War, a model skilfully altered to suit French views and prejudices. But an important remark must be made upon them both. A careful examination of either system will show the English reader that its success is dependent greatly upon the close personal administration which is totally lacking in his own country. Without bureaucratic aid, neither France nor Germany could possibly attain to their present ideal of armed power; and the British statesman who undertakes to rival Von Moltke and Niel in developing the warlike resources of his country must seek to build on a very different foundation from the inalienable liability of every citizen to hold himself disposable for the duties of the professional soldier. Attempts to follow the present Continental fashion in this matter will only lead to disgust, to be followed possibly by a deceitful reaction of peace-mongering.

#### HYETT'S FLOWERS OF THE SOUTH.\*

THOUGH by the pleasant humour of Mr. Hyett's choice of a title the *Bookseller* has been beguiled into classifying this volume with *Ferns of India* and *Geological Fragments*, under the head of “Science,” the slightest glance at its broad-margined pages will satisfy the curious that it no more pretends to supply pabulum for the scientific mind than do the *Corollas* and *Anthologies* which, under figurative titles, present us with the Latin or English translations of schools and scholars. Mr. Hyett is a veteran Etonian, who had the good fortune to spend some of his school-days at Shrewsbury under Butler and Jeudwine; and these data would of themselves heighten the probability of his dried flowers having been culled from classical rather than botanical parterres. Indeed, their chief interest to us lies in the witness they bear to the abiding charm which classical studies add to later life, and in the argument they adduce for retaining Greek and Latin composition and translation as the chief element in a liberal education. Not undervaluing botany, natural history, or other kindred *παράρτημα*—for which, be it said, the drill and discipline of exact scholarship is no bad preliminary—we may ask which of these would be compatible, as a resource or relaxation, with the failing sight which marks advancing age, or would minister, as Mr. Hyett tells us composition has done for him, a sedative equal to the “venena Colchica” for sleep-defying attacks of gout. To classical studies, and to the activity of a mind which in youth and early manhood has laid up a varied store of culture and scholarship, are due the “Flowers” which the hereditary taste of Mr. Basil Pickering has known how best to bind together for an elderly country gentleman, and which we can have no hesitation in describing as a garland reflecting credit upon Painswick, and upon Gloucestershire generally. While one half the world is engaged in speculation, and nearly another half in politics, it is refreshing to find that in some country-houses the calmer pursuits of literature are still the embellishment most attractive to the casual visitor, and the “exceeding great reward” of the resident follower of them.

Mr. Hyett's “flowers” are of three descriptions—translations from modern languages, versions of select odes of Horace in support of views of his own touching metrical conformity, and original English sonnets and lines, to which in several instances he has added Latin-verse counterparts. To say that these last are a match for the modern Latin verses of our “Corolla” or “Arundines” would be a piece of flattery which no one would sooner repudiate than their author; and, while we fancy that the modern translations are the most finished things of the volume, the versions from Horace are, from the very nature of the case, likeliest to provoke criticism. But it is simple truth to aver that no one who takes up Mr. Hyett's book, and tests each of its divisions, can

\* *Flowers of the South, from the Hortus Sicicus of an Old Collector.* By W. H. Hyett, F.R.S. London: B. M. Pickering. 1869.



fail to be impressed with a conviction that they yield abundant evidence of a culture far more refined and various than, we fear, is likely to adorn similarly circumstanced country gentlemen of a more recent date. The freshness of interest with which he surveys problems of modern scholarship, the kindly, genial tone of his original lays and sonnets, the modesty which accompanies his *obiter dicta*, and the refined fancy which every now and then lights up pieces that would otherwise escape notice, all tell a tale of quiet thought and calm literary moulding, for which his juniors might be glad to barter a restless activity which does nothing thoroughly, but smatters through a great deal.

Of the translations from modern languages, which fill the first division of the volume, the most interesting are from the comparatively little known Florentine poet of the seventeenth century, Vincenzio da Filicaina, whose "Poesie Toscane" breathes a tender melodiousness nicely caught by Mr. Hyett. The sonnets to Italy, and on the Seasons, as well as the Ode to Divine Love, fully merited translation, and have found in these pages a free but appreciative treatment, under which their beauties suffer the minimum of detriment. The last stanza indeed of the last-named poem has been considerably amplified, but amplified in such wise that the words, not the spirit, of the original find enlargement; while the result is a *locus classicus* deserving of a place in the memory when much that passes for original poetry is forgotten:—

The stars that are the tongues of heaven,—  
The day that shines,—the light that lowers,—  
The glorious sun, to whom is given  
To mark the seasons and the hours,—  
The earth set in the golden sea,—  
As pictures in a frame may be,—  
Green herbs,—sweet flowers—e'en frost and snow  
Enough of warmth will feel ere long  
To loosen their hoarse voices in a flow  
Of sighs and tears the bursting buds among;  
All, all with one accord agree  
In joyful harmony and love to thee!  
Shall I be silent, I, whose debt  
Of thanks should know no bounds, shall I forget,  
When all things thus their grateful voices raise,  
To add my humble song of praise?

But the burden of Mr. Hyett's preface shows that his heart is more with the old bard of Venusia than with the comparatively modern Tuscan, and so we pass to the examination of his theory and practice touching Horatian translation. The gist of it is intolerance of the principle of metrical conformity enunciated by Professor Conington, and more or less adopted by Mr. Calverley and most recent translators. If with him "metrical conformity" had meant sapphic for sapphic, and hexameter for hexameter—in fact, the naturalization of the unnatural—he would carry us along with him, as well as, we suspect, the great mass of scholars and general readers. But he distinctly does not stop at this; he declines to recognise the need of finding equivalents for Latin measures in correspondent or approximate English lengths of line and stanza. The only feature of Horace which Mr. Hyett would hold fast in his copy is his *curiosa felicitas*, his terse, elegant phraseology, and easy, natural expression. According to his view, correspondence as to metre may amuse the scholar, but the object of translation should be to convey, "to one unacquainted with the original," its "sense," "meaning," and "pleasing impression." But the answer to all this is obvious. Two-thirds of this object may be most thoroughly realized by a prose version; the remaining third—the pleasing impression—is scarcely worth retaining if it be a hazy unreality, the form and lineaments of the original having been lost through a procrustean license applied to the Latin poet's well-defined numbers. Mr. Hyett fails to perceive the cogency of Professor Conington's chief plea for "metrical conformity"—namely, the fitness of a corresponding length of line to represent the sententious maxims of which Horace is so fond; indeed, the positive feature of his own theory is "to try again and again in what metres these short effective bits will come out in English most forcibly, and to follow their lead with the whole" (p. xii.). But surely the result of such a process must be the dilution of what in the original is terse and succinct; surely the upshot of stretching one's metre, upon occasion, to accommodate a proverbialism, and then bringing up the whole ode to similar length and breadth, must be a leap from Scylla into Charybdis, an exchange of tight shoes for loose-fitting slippers. The objections we see to Mr. Hyett's theory are, that it denies to the unlearned an idea, such as they like to obtain, of an ancient poet's manner, as well as matter; and in doing away with one essential element of resemblance—form and fashion—it opens the door for departure from general faithfulness, which is endangered by the temptations and even the exigencies of latitude.

Happily, though Mr. Hyett's principle does not please us, his practice sufficiently often deviates from it to allow us room for the exercise of praise. Several of his odes from Horace unwittingly recognise "some measure" of the conformity which he assails; and the sonnets from the Italian, to which we have referred with commendation, are signal instances of such conformity *pur et simple*. But to turn to his experiments upon Horace; in the first of these (l. xi. "Tu ne quaesieris," &c.) he gratuitously flings away every structural resemblance to the original, which consists of eight tetrameter choriambics of the fifth asclepiad metre, each precisely similar to its fellows, and substitutes for it an English ode of seventeen verses of unequal length—decasyllables, sexsyllables, octosyllables—with a resort to sectional rhymes here and there, as the fit seizes him. His next experiment (l. xxii. "Integer vitæ") illustrates his own principle exactly, as being moulded to a

pattern suggested by his selection of the best fit for the famous lines

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem.

We cannot praise it. A sapphic stanza with its lively ending cannot find the ghost of a match in a series of hendecasyllabic triplets which, if they do not halt and limp, at least move heavily and uncongenially. Sooner than accept such an equivalent for the stanza quoted from as

Place me on parched sands where Sol's near rays decree  
A houseless desert. Still, still shall I love thee,  
Softly speaking, sweetly smiling Lalage,

we would go in for the acclimatization of the Latin metre at all hazards, a sample of which from the mint of Mr. John Benson Rose, whose Ovid and Virgil have been noticed in these pages, is quite as English-looking as the above:—

Place me beneath the path of solar splendor,  
Where habitations fall in blighted regions,  
Yet will I vaunt my fair one, sweetly smiling,  
Sweetly discoursing.

But—to do Mr. Hyett justice—he is ill satisfied with this experiment, for which he tries two alternative versions, in p. 97 and p. 128—the latter, in octosyllabic couplets, being far the more pleasing. For ourselves we cannot accept any equivalent for the Latin sapphic which does not, like it, furnish a final shorter line to each stanza; but even the scant resemblance vouchsafed in four octosyllabic lines is better than the "Horace in slippers," which, in a version of Ode III. xxix., we get in exchange for the stately tread of the alcaic stanza. Here is a sample representing vv. 13-16 (*Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices*, &c.):—

Such changes for the most part are pleasing to the great;  
A poor man's simple suppers (no tapestry, silk, or plate)  
Rub off the forehead's wrinkles, caused by the cares of state.

The first of these lines is intensely prosaic, and our impressions of the whole rendering of this ode are such as to convince us that fairly-polished prose would be preferable. But as Apollo's bow (or "arc," as in p. 14 Mr. Hyett takes license to call it) is not always bent, so there are odes in which we catch our translator not in bondage to his principles. Thus, in rendering Ode II. xiv. (*Eheu fugaces*, &c.), he adopts, as Mr. Calverley would, the metre of *In Memoriam*, to our thinking a very adequate measure of metrical conformity; and the result is highly satisfactory, as the concluding stanzas will show:—

Country and home and wife adored  
You'll leave: of trees you planted none  
Save some poor cypress, sad and lone,  
Will mourn or follow their brief lord.

Crowning with Cæcuban his feasts—  
Bursting the hundred cellar-doors,  
Your hair will stain the marble floors  
With richer wine than the high-priest's.

In the fifth stanza of the sixteenth ode we have as much conformity as we desire in his equivalent for "Quid brevi fortes," &c.:—

With life so brief, why aim so wide?  
Why change for other suns?  
Though far from home the exile hide,  
Himself he never shuns.

And there is spirit, as well as some resemblance to the original, in the version of the dialogue between Horace and Lydia, which Mr. Hyett need not have apologized for printing. His version of the last stanza of "O Fons Bandusiae" is a trifle diffuse, but one interpolation in it is pardonable as bearing on the identification of Bandusia with the "Fontaine de l'Oratizi" near Horace's native Venusia, and the other, if not in the text, is a poetical touch to the picture:—

Then take rank 'mong noble fountains  
[Daughter of my native mountains!]  
Since your caverned rocks I sing,  
Where the ilex loves to cling,  
And the spray-washed ivy creeps,  
Whence your babbling streamlet leaps.

We cannot think that the instinct which led our translator to represent the alcaic odes "Tyrrena regum progenies" (III. 29) and "Qualem ministrum" (IV. 4), in couplets or triplets ranging to the length of fourteen syllables to a verse, can possibly be sound; on the other hand, we are free to own the happy ease with which he has turned the third ode of the Fourth Book—particularly the two last stanzas of it—into graceful octosyllabic couplets. And we can well believe that among his unpublished versions of other odes there would be many which, untrammelled by the consciousness of a theory or principle, would pass with credit the ordeal of criticism.

Of Mr. Hyett's original pieces, all are characterized by refined taste and feeling, and some bespeak a Muse that might have succeeded in Scottish romantic poetry. With a reservation as to accepting the charitable belief that Lord Lovat "died well" in any better sense than a Jack Sheppard who dies "game," we can accord fullest praise to the beauty of the lines on Loch Muillie in pp. 109-10, and to the kindly fancy on which they are based. The little piece entitled "Farewell," too, has much tenderness and simplicity in its pathos. Perhaps, however, the best sample of his average original poetry is the Sonnet to Tintern Abbey, which, along with several other pieces, he has turned into Latin verse. We have but space for the latter half of it, which expresses the natural reflection suggested by the crumbling ruins and the

lettered Cistercians whose light shone forth from such retreats as Tintern upon the darkness around them :—

What are they now? Th' eternal hills survive:  
The vales bloom on with flowers and fruits; the river  
In undim'd beauty sparkles on for ever,—  
God's handiwork; while all that men contrive  
Sinks to decay; and yet Death's angel-smile  
Still lingers o'er this cold and silent aisle.

Mr. Hyett's Latin version of these is in sapphics, which bring out the pervading sentiment with more success and finish than his elegiac and hexameter experiments in rendering other pieces. Here is the parallel Latin to the English just quoted :—

Quò vetus splendor? Superest perennis  
Mons: parit flores segetemque, ut ante,  
Vallis; æternus vitreusque semper  
Labitur annis.  
Numen hos, illas homo fecit, cheu!  
Mox relapsuras. Tamen hic moratur  
Forma, et aridit tacite sub ipsâ  
Morte ruinae.

Perhaps it should be said of this and similar Latin versions in this volume that they scarcely seem to us of merit enough to have found a place in print, *per se*, though they are interesting as evidences of a gift retained long after most men have forgotten the little skill in Latin verse they could once lay claim to. Mr. Hyett is, however, perfectly modest about them, and owns with candour that they have been revised by Dr. Holden, of Durham. We know not how we could more exactly indicate our value of them than by quoting the last-mentioned scholar's hexameter version (which we fortunately possess) of the same six lines, and adding that while, after the fashion of old Orbilius, we should be disposed to score "optime" under the hexameters, we should consider all the claims of the sapphics satisfied by a "benè" :—

Fuit illis gloria! Circum  
Stant jura nunc eadem, stant immortalia. Vallis  
Floribus et fructu, ceu quondam, ridet. Eâdem  
Lumen adhuc specie nitet, æternumque nitet.  
Sunt opera illa Dei—percutit, ætate caduca,  
Quæ molitur homo: tamen hic celestis in ipsâ  
Morte manet risus, tacitæque moratur in aula.

The spell of old Tintern is not yet powerless when it can evoke such Latin and such English verses.

#### GÉRICAUT.\*

(Second Notice.)

ABOUT the time when Géricault painted his "Chasseur" and "Cuirassier" he studied landscape a good deal, and painted several marine subjects, including a "Scène de Naufrage" and a "Scène du Déluge," but his want of success as an artist led to a temporary abandonment of the profession, and he went into the army, in the *Mousquetaires*, in which distinguished corps he attended to his military duties for two or three months in garrison at Versailles. Bonaparte was at Elba, and as Géricault was a decided royalist, the service with the *Mousquetaires* was agreeable to his political feelings. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, Géricault followed the King to Béthune, and came back into France under the disguise of a carter, being shortly afterwards discharged, when his brief military career came to an end. About this time he fell in love, but we are told nothing about this passion except that it troubled and disturbed him very much. He did but little work, and resolved upon a journey to Italy. It appears that he was extremely methodical in his habits, and that before leaving home he arranged everything belonging to him in the most perfect order, ticketing his portfolios and drawings, putting numbers on all his studies down to the smallest sketches, and even on his palettes and colour-boxes, after which he placed the whole under his father's care. It appears, too, that Géricault was not only very careful and methodical about his belongings, but also personally neat, and one of his friends found him preparing for a ball with his hair in curl-papers. This was a M. Lebrun, who had promised to go to Italy with Géricault, and the matter of the curl-papers is remembered because M. Lebrun found that he could not go to Italy, and Géricault imagined that it was because he would not travel with a dandy who put his hair in curl-papers, and said so to one of his friends. It appears that this dread of having got a character for dandyism afflicted him very considerably. He went alone to Italy, stayed a little time in Florence, and went on to Rome, where the Sixtine produced a most powerful impression on him. Here he made some copies and a few original compositions, but, having been some time without hearing from his friends, fell into that state of discouragement to which very affectionate natures are always liable when removed from those they love :—

On ne raisonne guère [says Géricault, in a letter] quand on est bien loin de toute consolation; les choses se montrent dans le plus vilain côté, et il est difficile de retrouver une idée saine. J'étais arrivé au point d'accuser tout le monde d'indifférence et d'inhumanité, et j'aurais voulu pouvoir ne plus me souvenir de personne. Il me semblait impossible de vivre davantage dans cet état, qui est vraiment horrible et que rien ne peut calmer.

In the same letter Géricault says that he is almost incapable of working without a friend near him, and he complains, as many others in his situation have complained, that his friends tell him no news about themselves or their doings. Géricault, however,

lived in days when people *did* write letters. What would he have said to the habits of the present day, when the cheapness of postage has extinguished friendly letter-writing altogether, and nobody writes anything but mere notes? During this stay in Rome, Géricault worked hard at times, and then fell into intervals of melancholy—an alternation to which the artistic temperament is under all circumstances peculiarly liable, but especially when, as in this case, it is complicated by love and absence. He was sensitive in the extreme, and was easily thrown into a condition of discouragement, in which practical productiveness became all but impossible. However, he made a good many studies at Rome, and especially for a great picture of the horse-race (without riders) which everybody knows as one of the annual sights of Rome. He intended to paint this on a canvas thirty feet long, and we cordially agree with M. Clément that it is greatly to be regretted that a project so perfectly in harmony with the natural talent of Géricault, and for which he had been so fully prepared by study, was never carried into execution. It is unnecessary to enumerate here the other works conceived or executed during Géricault's stay in Rome, where he passed one year only, and that a very sad year. He was thoroughly French in his capacity for warm and enduring friendship, and precisely at the time when he quitted Rome his friend Dorey left Paris for Italy. Here is the end of a letter to M. Dorey, which offers a curious contrast to English letters :—

Adieu, mon ami, écrivez-moi, je vous prie, le plus souvent qu'il vous sera possible. Mais que Dieu vous garde que cela soit un besoin pour votre cœur comme je l'ai si tristement éprouvé. Je vous laisse, mon cher ami, quelques effets qui pourront vous être utiles, tels que cheval, boîte à couleurs, toiles préparées. Puis je vous enverrai un vieil homme très-intelligent pour vous chercher un atelier. Quand vous l'aurez trouvé, mettez-vous de suite à l'ouvrage: c'est le seul moyen de ne pas connaître l'ennui.

Géricault's studio in Paris was close to that of Horace Vernet, being separated from it only by a garden, and the two young masters were on very intimate terms. Some time after his return from Rome, Géricault began the famous picture of the wreck of the *Medusa*, but in the interval occupied himself with studies, chiefly of animals, including lions and tigers. As lithography was a novelty then, it interested Géricault, who made several fine lithographs; he practised this art a good deal in subsequent years. The unfortunate effects of fashion in the arts have never been more strikingly evident than in the case of lithography. It is admirably adapted for the direct expression of artistic conceptions. A lithograph is just as much an original as a chalk drawing on paper; and if all artists of eminence were accustomed, as Géricault was, to use lithography as a means of popularizing their ideas, people of very moderate means might get together collections of the highest artistic, though of small pecuniary, value. The same result would follow if painters were generally masters of the etching needle, and were encouraged to use it; but lithography is an easier art than etching, and the kind of talent necessary for success in it is not so rare.

Two of the survivors of the wreck of the *Medusa*, MM. Corréard and Savigny, published the recital of their adventures and those of their companions. Everybody talked of them, and public opinion "était arrivée à un véritable paroxysme d'horreur et d'indignation." We may remind the reader that, of the four hundred persons on board the ship, a hundred and forty-nine were put upon a raft. This raft was to have been towed by the boats which contained the rest of the people, but the boats left the raft to drift, and after twelve days of indescribable suffering the remaining survivors, fifteen in number, were taken on board the *Argus*. Géricault selected the moment preceding the deliverance, when a man who has strength enough left to look out upon the sea raises himself as high as he can to make signals of distress to the ship he sees in the distance. The raft is covered with corpses and dying men, over whom the sea washes, but the most horrible days are passed, the wild fury of hunger has ceased in death, the raging madness of cannibalism is over, and nothing is left now but white corpses and a few survivors in the extremity of weakness. It may be observed therefore that the accusation of horror, commonly made against the picture, is at least unjust to the painter so far as this, that instead of selecting the most horrible time of the disaster illustrated, he purposely chose a time when the greatest horrors were all past and a gleam of hope cheered the miserable survivors. He made experimental sketches, however, of various other episodes, including the mutiny and the deliverance.

The project once decided upon, Géricault painted two sketches in oil of the whole subject, and began a third study, six feet long, which was, in fact, a picture; but he abandoned this from an apprehension that his *verve* might be exhausted before he came to the great canvas. This did not prevent him from making many preliminary sketches and studies. He got acquainted with MM. Corréard and Savigny, the chief survivors, and made several studies from them; he also found out the carpenter of the *Medusa*, and induced him to construct a model of the raft in which "every detail was reproduced with the most scrupulous exactness," and on this he grouped models of the figures. As Géricault's studio was too small, he hired an immense one close to the hospital Beaujon, and in this hospital he set himself to study the ravages of disease and the agonies of death. He made arrangements to have corpses and limbs supplied to him in his own studio, and it appears that for some months this studio was the most horrible place imaginable, full of dead bodies and parts of dead bodies in more or less advanced states of decomposition. The stench was such that

\* Géricault. *Étude biographique et critique, avec le Catalogue raisonné de l'œuvre du maître*. Par Charles Clément. Paris: Didier. 1868.



Géricault's friends could not, when they came to see him, endure it for more than a minute, and even professional models gave in. After having made a collection of studies, he shut himself up in his *atelier*, belonging to which was a bedroom, where he slept; he did not go out even for his meals, and his friends were excluded, except a few of the most intimate. Once he made a rapid excursion to Havre in order to procure a study for his sky. He painted in the most absolute silence, and with the steadiest possible application, saying that the noise of a mouse was enough to prevent him from working. He had nature before him for everything, and laid his colour at once, with perfect certainty, and no other preparation than a simple outline. An eyewitness and pupil, M. Jamar, who was always in his studio (and who, by the by, had to be as noiseless as a marble statue), tells us that Géricault looked at the model with a remarkable intensity of attention before he touched the canvas, and that he painted very quietly, seeming to proceed slowly, and yet in reality working with remarkable rapidity.

Unfortunately at the exhibition the "Radeau de la Méduse" was hung, as Géricault thought, too low, and as he had been admitted before the opening he begged that it might be rehung, which was unfortunately granted him, for now the picture was hung too high, and the majesty of it was lost. This may partly account for the slight success of the picture when first exhibited; but there were other causes, especially the animosity of a then powerful clique which systematically opposed all art that did not issue from its own sources. The public received the picture coldly, and so did the professional critics. Luckily Géricault had been recommended to exhibit it in England, and so he sent it to London, where the separate exhibition of it brought him about 800*l*. After the painter's death, by dint of immense determination and perseverance, M. de Forbin induced the Ministry of the day to buy the "Radeau de la Méduse" for two hundred and forty pounds four shillings. Géricault had offered it to the Government for the same price, minus the four shillings, but without success. We have no accurate record of what the production of it had cost him in hire of *atelier*, models, fees to various persons, and other expenses, as canvas, colours, frame, &c., but a picture of that importance can scarcely be produced for less than 100*l*. We are glad to think that the successful exhibition of this picture, one of the few gleams of real encouragement that lighted the brief life of Géricault, should have been due to our own countrymen. He came to England, and remained here three years very happily, living on the fruits of his exhibition and his work, without touching his private income. He worked a great deal at lithography, and for some time had the companionship of Charlet, the clever sketcher of popular manners, but Charlet did not find London to his taste, and returned to Paris very soon. One very notable and exceptional fact about Géricault is that he greatly admired the English painters, whom most foreigners despise. Here is an extract from a letter to Horace Vernet:—

Je disais l'autre jour à mon père qu'il ne manquait qu'une chose à votre talent, c'était d'être trempé à l'école anglaise, et je vous le répète, parce que je sais que vous avez estimé le peu que vous avez vu d'eux. L'Exposition qui vient de s'ouvrir m'a plus confirmé encore qu'ici seulement on connaît où l'on sent la couleur et l'effet. Vous ne pouvez pas vous faire une idée des beaux portraits de cette année et d'un grand nombre de paysages et de tableaux de genre; des animaux peints par Ward et par Landseer, âgé de 18 ans; les maîtres n'ont rien produit de mieux en ce genre. . . . Je faisais à l'Exposition le vœu de voir placés dans notre Musée une quantité de tableaux que j'avais sous les yeux. Je désirais cela comme une leçon qui serait plus utile que de penser longtemps.

There are two pages of warm praise like this. During his stay in England, Géricault lithographed a good deal and painted much in water-colour; he also painted some oil-pictures, including one of the Derby Day, which is now in the Louvre. After his return to France he suffered from sciatica and complained of his chest. These ailments were probably of little consequence, and the artist might have returned to his usual health, but one day he was thrown from his horse upon a heap of stones, and as it had happened that morning that he had put on a pair of trousers without a buckle, he had made a knot behind to tighten them round the waist, and this knot, in falling, was strongly pressed against his spine. This brought on an internal abscess which caused much suffering, but at the end of 1822 his health seemed re-established. The abscess formed itself again, however, and poor Géricault took to his bed in February, 1823. His illness lasted eleven terrible months, during which he had to undergo painful operations, but at last a tumour formed itself which produced caries in one or two of the vertebrae, and of this he died in a crisis of anguish on the 26th of January, 1824, at the age of thirty-three, after a life which to himself must have seemed wholly unsuccessful, though he left a name greater and more enduring than the names of hundreds of modern painters who have enjoyed popularity and accumulated wealth.

#### FROM LONDON BRIDGE TO LOMBARDY.\*

THIS pretty little book is less likely to improve on acquaintance than to take at first sight. It is attractively got up and cleverly illustrated, but one could very well dispense with the text that forms the vehicle for the sketches. As the conception of the work is a good one, it is a pity the execution should fall

lamentably short of it; and indeed the same remark will apply, although in a very much fainter degree, to the illustrations. Amusing and unmistakably happy as they are, sometimes the drawing is scarcely equal to designs which are generally admirable. To judge by the initials attached to them, it would seem that a different hand from the author's has often guided the pencil, and the anonymous S. P. H. deserves his or her full share of credit. We have called the conception of the book a good one, because, in our opinion, the more hackneyed the route a writer attempts to describe, the more brilliant will be his success if he has originality equal to his courage. For one person who cares to hear of Central Africa or Asia, of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," cannibals, gorillas, and hair-breadth escapes, a hundred are glad to be invited to an excursion through places familiar to them, where every stage awakens associations from which the bitter has evaporated, to leave only the sweet behind. There is no question that Mr. Richardson takes this bull by the horns. He tells you what you are to expect, and the macadamised route he advertises is the same that figures in all the announcements which tempt excursionists—the Rhine, the Rigi, Como, Geneva, Paris. He assures us he has made it his aim to avoid as far as possible the tracks left by others; i.e. not to relate what is to be seen, but to give a plain account of all he actually did and saw himself. This is a promise which may either mean much or worse than nothing. Unassuming as it sounds, it either implies a very exalted estimate of one's own powers, or it means an insult to the intelligence of the public. We charitably credit Mr. Richardson with the less objectionable alternative, and assume that he fancied he could repeat an oft-told tale so as to enthral a jaded audience. But if that was his idea, we fear he has overrated his ability. If his narrative floats, it will be by the help of the sketches, and we give them high praise when we predict that they will carry it through.

Most men are strongly prejudiced against alliterative titles, but we can see a certain significance in this one. Slight as the book is, it stores the fruits of experiences that have had time to mature by keeping, and Mr. Richardson made his start while the station at London Bridge was a terminus, and that at Charing Cross yet in the brains of projectors. It is true we might give the year precisely from internal evidence, for it appears it was that which saw the destruction by fire of the old Exchange at Antwerp, a date which any reader may verify with a very little trouble. At all events St. Mark's steeds of war still wore their Austrian bridles, and the bears of Berne had not yet moved their quarters from the heart of that city to its suburbs. We can suggest no motive for the delay, for, to do him justice, the author does not oppress us with collations of voluminous diaries or condensations of bulky manuscripts. On the contrary, he seems to have dispensed with notes and trusted absolutely to a not very tenacious memory. It is evident that procrastination must be detrimental, if not fatal, to the success of a scheme like this. That success must rest on the vividness with which individual impressions are reproduced, and these have had time to fade; on the point given to story and dialogue, and this has had leisure to rust and blunt; on hits at passing events and flying shots at fleeting fashions, and the one and the other have long ago become matters of history and archaeology. In spite of himself the author is thrown back into the old grooves, and to make up his narrative he must trench on the province of the ordinary guide-books. Mr. Richardson is careful to disown any intention of doing this; but in the line which he is constrained to follow he almost necessarily slips down between two stools. As it is, he would have done better had he more frequently verified vague statements, or gone back to refresh his memory at the founts from which he obviously drew his inspirations years ago. From the quotation on the title-page and the tone of the introductory chapter, we had expected to find the style of the tour to Lombardy modelled on that of Hood's *Up the Rhine*. But although generally the author finds it incumbent on him to strive to rise to facetiousness, and to chronicle the episodes of his journey from a farcical point of view, yet, fortunately, he has not felt it imperative to be always on the broad grin. The grave which he has interspersed with the gay tends to keep him on pleasanter terms with his readers, for the best of the humour has run into the pictures, leaving you to wade through its flat residuum in the print. Thus, after all, the book becomes nothing more or less than the commonplace journal of an everyday tourist, with the disadvantage that its writer has given himself time to forget much of what he said and did and thought. We venture to assert that the impressions which he innocently believes to be private property of his own have in reality long been shared in common by all of his readers who have gone the same round. Then by what process of reasoning can a man persuade himself that the public will be either entertained or profited by such notes as the following one on Bruges?—

In a rapid course of sight-seeing we visited among other places the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, which is externally ugly, but handsome within; the Church of Notre Dame, noteworthy for its elaborately carved and elegant pulpits, and the monuments of the departed great of Flanders; the Hôtel de Ville and the Academy of Paintings. I think it was at this last place that I noticed a picture representing some unhappy victim undergoing the punishment of being flayed alive. The painting was horribly well done; the clenched teeth and writhing flesh, &c.

This is a fair sample of the precise and original treatment of sights and scenes familiar to us as household words. The baldest practical guide could scarcely say less, and would be much more careful in its details. Of ten young ladies beginning to keep at

\* From *London Bridge to Lombardy* by a Macadamised Route. By W. R. Richardson. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

Bruges the diaries of which they get heartily tired before leaving Brussels, we will be bound that nine would criticize the picture in question in words pretty nearly identical with Mr. Richardson's. At Brussels, strange to relate in the case of a guide-book-provided traveller, the market-place awoke in him memories of Egmont and Horn, while it is well worth knowing that at Antwerp Mr. Richardson was delighted with the cathedral, where he saw a rather celebrated work by Rubens—the "Descent from the Cross." Some of his readers would perhaps be more interested to hear that he found his way into an excellent private collection of pictures by merely presenting his card, but, as he has forgotten both the place and the proprietor's name, this little reminiscence loses much of its general value. The description of the Rhine rings the changes on the usual play of epithet—lovely, beautiful, charming; and as the words represent so many eternal truths it is perhaps hypercritical to cavil at them. But it is strange that a traveller who deems his impressions worthy of a special record should brand the scenes on the river above Cologne as "the least interesting possible." True, the banks are flat, but the cottages in the foreground are as picturesque in their way as the outlines of the Seven Hills you see in the distance, while the towering mass of the *Dom*, dwarfing into nothingness the tall tenements and lofty spires that cluster round it, is a vision to make one linger with pleasure over a cruise in the Dismal Swamp. On the other hand, some of the pictures on the Rhine are as spirited as the descriptions are tame. There are a couple of amateurs, for instance, contemplating the martyred St. Peter inverted on his cross, one looking through his own legs, the other through those of his chair; and there are a pair of natives regarding with stolid admiration the splendours of the interior of Stoltzenfels, while skating about in their great list slippers on its highly polished floors. Mr. Richardson is less original in his similes than in his designs, likening the waters of Ems to the identical chicken broth to which Murray long ago had compared those of Wiesbaden. With the audacity recommended by Swift—we are inclined to surmise that it may be unconscious with Mr. Richardson—he insists on your amusing yourself with jests and even quips in style that use has long worn threadbare. Fancy being expected in 1869 to smile at the following:—"As soon as the train is ready for travellers, the waiting-room doors are opened, and they—that is to say the travellers, and not the doors—take their seats." Mr. Richardson's political geography is sometimes strangely at fault, and his treacherous memory seems to have let slip something of what his travels must have taught him. He condemns the theatre of Wiesbaden as being in his opinion "scarcely worthy of the Grand Duchy of Baden," as indeed it is hard to see why it need have been. But so far Mr. Richardson only anticipated Count Bismarck in blotting Nassau from the list of independent States, and it is easy to imagine that the word *Baden* may have misled him, for he is far from strong in etymology. We are puzzled to know on what recondite authority he spells Pfäfers, Pfäfers. But he is a shrewd and close observer, and, among other things, records as an example of the singular way in which travellers' routes intersect each other, that he recognised on the Pass of the Tête Noire a face he had seen before at Baden-Baden. An American acquaintance remarked to him, "Well, stranger, I rather reckon you are about one of the most sensible men I ever saw, for I notice that you never walk when you can ride," and assuredly he stuck pretty consistently to his macadamised route, and cannot be taxed with an insane spirit of adventure. We suspect that the fellow-tourists he hits off with pen and pencil might have retaliated, nor left the laugh altogether on his side. From the thrilling account he gives of his adventures on the Mer de Glace and the Mauvais Pas, and the lasting impression their dangers have evidently made on him, we suspect that while engaged in vanquishing them he may have made sport for the irreverent scoffer. At least we have read a much less exciting narrative in the case of a nearly successful attempt on the Matterhorn.

If we have seemed harder than we need have been on what after all is nothing but a very light work, it is only because in its nature it always keeps us inquiring of the author, *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* In all conscience, too, he has taken ample time for revision and selection. But we should be loth to part on unpleasant terms from one who has given us travelling sketches as good as any we have seen since Brown, Jones, and Robinson made their immortal tour. We have said that they buoy up the book, and so they do, but we are glad to admit that in parts it is light enough to swim with slight artificial aid. Mr. Richardson evidently possesses an eminently sociable temperament, and the gift, so rare with his countrymen, of forming acquaintances and finding amusement in all companies. To be sure, he is clearly not fastidious, and we must emphatically dissent from his liberal dictum that the British tourist of average position, cultivation, and intelligence can hardly go wrong in seeking congenial comrades among his travelling fellow-countrymen in Switzerland and on the Rhine. But the experiences of a man who thinks and acts liberally in that way are sure to be far more readable than those of one who is more straitlaced and reserved, and to Mr. Richardson's facility in forming friends, with the incidents of which it was fruitful, we are indebted for the pleasantest pages of his book.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

"I WANT a hero." These first four words of *Don Juan* tersely express a desideratum common to all nationalities undergoing the process of reconstruction. There must be some

one to incarnate the national ideal—a contemporary if possible; but, if no Garibaldi be at hand, some shadowy counterpart must be evoked from the recesses of history. The time has been when this function was discharged for the Czech nationality by Svatopluk the Great, under whose reign Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia are affirmed to have enjoyed much felicity in the eleventh century. Unfortunately, Svatopluk, although in fact as authentic a personage as Canute, is not generally accepted by neighbouring nations, who believe him to have been a contemporary of the Sleeping Beauty. Another representative had to be found, and it is no small proof of the necessity of a name to serve as a rallying point that the popular leaders have resorted to John Huss, at the very serious cost of estranging the Roman Catholic clergy. They might have preferred St. John Nepomuk, but for the recent inopportune discovery that this boast of the Czech martyrology never existed at all. John Huss has fairly taken his place, and the last few days have witnessed a remarkable congress of Slavonians met together to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of his birth, or rather to make this the convenient pretext for a political demonstration which there is some reason to think has not entirely answered the expectations of its promoters. English papers have nevertheless contained spirited and picturesque descriptions of the proceedings; English listeners have vouched for the eloquence and moderation of Bohemian orators; and the incredulity of our age stands abashed at this new manifestation of the Pentecostal gift. When the noise and enthusiasm of the movement have evaporated, some substantial fruit will still remain in the deeply interesting collection of Huss's works, and of documents relating to him, prepared, perhaps not without reference to it, by the veteran historian Palacký. The editor has given us little of his own, but the documents he prints are sufficient illustrations of his hero and of the times. The impression produced by Huss's own letters is rather one of goodness than of greatness. His virtues, especially his manly firmness, come out in the brightest colours, but there is little to suggest either originality of character or intellectual eminence. A few lines from the pen of Luther, or even of Savonarola, suffice to show that no ordinary man is before us, but pages of Huss produce no such impression. Something of this may be owing to the circumstance that his original Bohemian is inaccessible to us. Many of the most interesting letters are in this language; when this is the case, M. Palacký has supplied a Latin version. They are mostly written from prison, and extend nearly to the last hour of his life. Most of the accompanying documents are of very great interest, as, for example, the letter of John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, to the Archbishop of Prague, exhorting him to repress the new opinions by persecution. A number of controversial tracts are most racy and characteristic, especially the large proportion which have a strong flavour of personality. The most interesting and important of all is the narrative of Petrus de Mladenovic, who was present at, and has recorded, every stage of Huss's weary trial before the Council of Constance. His style is inelegant, and his arrangement immethodical, but his work is nevertheless invaluable from its copiousness and authenticity. It will be interesting to Englishmen to observe how frequently Wickliffe's name occurs in the proceedings, with what dread and dislike it inspired the members of the Council, and how eagerly they endeavoured to connect Huss with his doctrines. On the whole, the general impression derived from the proceedings is that the Council did not wish to deal harshly with Huss, and, whether from humanity or policy, would have infinitely preferred his recantation to his execution. His inflexible though courteous firmness rendered his doom inevitable. When every engine of persuasion, confutation, and intimidation had been tried, and all had failed, nothing remained but for the Council to proceed to extremities, or to acknowledge itself baffled by the intrepidity of a single man. Whatever may be thought of Huss's opinions, all must admit that his heroism in face of the Council of Constance approaches the sublime even more nearly than Dr. Cumming's contemplated display of himself before the coming Œcumenical Council approaches the ridiculous.

"Dekaber" is the Russian form of December, and a "Dekabrist"† denotes a participant in the extraordinary revolt of December, 1825. This insurrection was the work of the secret societies which undermined the army at that date; the leaders aimed at establishing a republic, but availed themselves for the moment of the state of affairs created by the sudden death of the Emperor Alexander, and by the uncertainty which of his brothers would succeed him. It is astonishing that men of their intelligence should ever have embarked in so chimerical a project. Baron von R—, the writer of these memoirs, is an Estonian. He describes his share in the transaction with simplicity and candour, and does not pretend to consider himself ill-used because the Government resented it by sending him to Siberia. The Russian authorities certainly behaved harshly and meanly towards his wife, who was only allowed to join her husband in his exile on condition of resigning her privileges as a noble—a sacrifice which she unhesitatingly made. The conspirators themselves could not complain of any extraordinary severity, and seem to have found their Siberian banishment very tolerable. Baron von R—'s account of it is highly interesting. He was placed near Lake

\* *Documenta Mag. Joannis Hus vitam, doctrinam, causam in Constantiensis concilio actam, et controversias de religione in Bohemia annis 1403–1418 motas illustrantia.* Editio F. Palacký. Pragae: Tempsky. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Aus den Memoiren eines russischen Dekabristen.* Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.



Baikal, where he made the acquaintance of a colony of Russian Dissenters deported by the Empress Catharine. Like most religious communities possessed of land, they are exceedingly prosperous. After ten years' exile, the author was removed to the Caucasus, where he was compelled to serve in the ranks. His journey across Russia and his description of Georgia are among the best parts of his book. After a while he obtained his discharge, and was ultimately permitted to return to Esthonia. His work is prefaced by an interesting account of the secret societies with which he was connected. It is worthy of remark that the leaders maintained friendly relations with the Poles, and were willing to consent to the reconstruction of Poland. Some of them seem to have formed the idea of a Pan Slavist federation, a coalition between the Triton and the minnows.

F. von Falken\*, steward to a Polish nobleman during the late insurrection, is, according to his own account, a very unfortunate person. He was condemned to death by one party, and sent to Siberia by the other. He might have saved himself by denouncing his employer; this he refused to do, and has accordingly been rewarded by black ingratitude. The menaces of revolutionists, the severities of governments, and the ingratitude of nobles seem, however, to have failed to impair his good humour. His tale of woe is very amusing reading, though not a very valuable contribution to his subject.

Karl Marx† is a Socialist in whose eyes the "bourgeois Republic" of 1848 is more hateful than the Empire of 1852. He is at the same time a powerful and pungent writer, who always repays perusal. The object of his pamphlet is to represent France as the theatre of a war of classes, the strongest of which eventually obtained the upper hand in the person of "that mediocre and grotesque personage" Louis Napoleon.

Herr Reimann‡ is so excellent an historian that we could have wished him a more inviting subject than the Bavarian War of Succession of 1778. He justly observes, however, that although this contest was uninteresting in itself and produced no alteration in the balance of power in Europe, much nevertheless depended upon its result. If Austria had then succeeded in her aim of absorbing the larger part of Bavaria, the battle of Sadowa would probably never have been fought. The campaign has one picturesque feature, the exhibition of Frederick the Great's powers as a strategist in old age; and the barrenness of the military record is to some extent redeemed by the subtle complications of the game of politics. The original character of Joseph II., and his singular relations with his mother, also afford ample scope for historical analysis. The author has availed himself to the utmost of all these resources for enhancing the effect of his narrative, which he has thus redeemed from dullness without any sacrifice of good taste. His style is simple yet polished, his treatment of the subject dispassionate and impartial.

The biographer of General Scharnhorst§ is one of those "who run a mile that they may leap a yard." The interest attaching to his hero's career, though considerable, is restricted to the narrow interval of time between the battles of Jena and Lutzen. In the interim he had done great things for his country. He had perhaps contributed more powerfully than any one else to reorganize the national army and revive the national spirit. Before he could show how far he was qualified to wield the powerful instruments he had created, his career was terminated by a mortal wound. This episode of his life will be found highly interesting when we are permitted to arrive at it. We cannot say so much of the portion of his biography now before us, which only comes down to 1801. The campaigns described in it possess comparatively little interest for posterity, and Scharnhorst was not sufficiently conspicuous in connexion with them to justify the prominence accorded to him. It would have been better to have passed rapidly over them, and come to the point at once. The work is, however, written with ability as well as diligence, and warrants favourable anticipations of the writer's capacity to deal with the really important part of his subject when he reaches it.

Pertz's Life of Scharnhorst's colleague and successor, Gneisenau||, has arrived at its most interesting stage. Gneisenau succeeded Scharnhorst as chief of the Prussian Staff, and from that moment became the soul of the campaign. The present volume comprises the interval between his appointment and the end of 1813. No narrative of that wonderful period could well be other than interesting, and this work, though somewhat heavy in style, will be read with pleasure and instruction. We doubt, however, whether the pretension put forth of narrating the secret history of what has previously been imperfectly known is in any measure redeemed. Little is positively added to our knowledge, although the traditional Prussian view is strongly insisted upon. All histories of this contest have a surprising family likeness. The historian's rule is invariably to magnify the part of his own nation as much as possible, and diminish that of the others in proportion. If any cause could have repressed the mutual jealousies of allied nations during a war, and their bickerings after it, it would surely

have been the common contest against Napoleon. As neither effect followed, we must suppose that neither is capable of being produced.

Few but Orientalists are likely to see Dr. Ethé's version of Kazwini's "Wonders of Creation,"\* and the world in general will never know how rich a treat is here provided for it. Kazwini's work was a high authority in its time, and is still venerated by Orientalists as an Arabian classic. To those uninitiated in their mysteries, it must appear in the light of a marvellously fine collection of the wild legendary lore of the East. It owes nothing of its charm to the imagination of the author, an industrious and ingenuous compiler who went on two principles—that he was bound to relate whatever he found testified by an author worthy of credit, and that all authors were worthy of credit. Hence he is enabled to inform us on what mountain the demons assemble, and on what day of the month the whale swallowed Jonah.

A history of Indian Buddhism†, translated from the Tibetan, is also a compilation, executed in the year 1608. The idea of a Tibetan work flatters the imagination, but the book itself proves to be made up from Sanscrit sources, and to belong more properly to that literature. It is too recent to be a perfectly safe authority, but is evidently executed in good faith, and embodies a vast mass of history and legend, requiring for its full appreciation a much more intimate knowledge of Buddhism than we as yet possess. The references to theological and philosophical works are endless, attesting a period of great intellectual activity. The Buddhist legends are as complete a counterpart of those of the Church of Rome as their ceremonial observances. The following may serve as a specimen. A poor woman asked alms of a saint named Tschandragomin, who possessed nothing but his waist-cloth and a holy book compendiously entitled the Aschtasahasrikapradeschnapramita. As the saint deplored his inability to help her, the picture of the goddess Tara stepped from the wall where it was portrayed, presented the poor woman with its painted diadem, transformed into a solid crown, and returned to its place. The picture is known as "the crownless Tara" to this day; the missing ornament is replaced by a miraculous circlet of light. This story is a pretty parallel to that of the Virgin's fresco in the cathedral of Seville, which suddenly extended her arm to preserve Murillo, or some other eminent Spanish painter, from falling off the scaffold where he was at work.

It is not easy to write anything very new and at the same time very true on "the theology of the Old Testament," and we would not assert that the feat has been performed by Dr. H. Schultz.‡ Some features of his work, however, are really of less frequent occurrence in similar publications than might be desired. We refer to his eminent sobriety, moderation, and candour. If he belongs to any theological school whatever, his leanings cannot be deduced from the drift of his observations. He seems to have no other object than to elicit and set forth the truth, and his work is perhaps of too neutral a tint to be very welcome to any party. His manner is earnest, and his diction unadorned.

Otto Pfeiderer§ has selected a much more extensive field, which he ranges over in a very discursive fashion. There can at least be no lack of variety in a work professing to treat of all religious ideas, in all their Protean manifestations. Herr Pfeiderer seizes upon the most picturesque aspects of his subject, and by their aid produces a work full of interest and entertainment, but one which contributes little to the study of the question.

Dr. Ehrt||, in a prize essay, discusses the hypothesis of the Maccabean date of the later Psalms, and argues very powerfully against it. He considers that the pieces in question were composed in the times of Ezra and Nehemiah, or shortly after the latter.

Count Zinzendorf¶, the founder of the Moravians, presents, in one respect, a curious parallel with a very different person, Auguste Comte. Comte, as all know, devoted the first half of his philosophic career to acquiring a reputation, and the second to throwing it away. His later speculations are the scandal and despair of the admirers of the former, and a weapon in the hands of those to whom both are unacceptable. Exactly the same thing happened to Zinzendorf, who spent twenty years in working out a scheme of evangelical theology, which he subsequently discredited by extravagant pretensions and fanatical reveries. Dr. Plitt writes to bespeak attention to the difference between the earlier and the later Zinzendorf, and to free the Moravians from all responsibility for the latter. So excellent, however, was the Count's first estate, that a goodly octavo barely suffices to render justice to his merits; and exposure and chastisement are remitted to another not yet published. We trust that the position of accuser

\* *Zaharîja ben Muhammed ben Mahmûd El Kazwîni's Kosmographe*. Nach der Wüstenfeldschen Textausgabe zum ersten Male vollständig übersetzt von Dr. H. Ethé. Die Wunder der Schöpfung. Erster Halbband. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Tārānātha's Geschichte des Buddhismus in Indien*. Aus dem Tibetischen übersetzt von Anton Schiefner. St. Petersburg: Eggers. Leipzig: Leopold Voss. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Alttestamentliche Theologie*. Dargestellt von Dr. H. Schultz. Bd. 1. Frankfurt: Heyder & Zimmer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Religion, ihr Wesen und ihre Geschichte*. Von Otto Pfeiderer. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Fues. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Abfassungszeit und Abschluss des Psalters, zur Prüfung der Frage nach Mahabüßerpälmern historisch-kritisch untersucht*. Von C. Ehrt. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Zinzendorfs Theologie*. Dargestellt von Dr. H. Plitt. Bd. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Aus dem Tagebuch eines nach Sibirien Verbannten*. Von T. von Falken. Berlin: Janke. London: Nutt.

† *Der achtzehnte Brumaire des Louis Bonaparte*. Von Karl Marx. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

‡ *Geschichte des Bairischen Erbfolgekrieges*. Von E. Reimann. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Das Leben des Generals von Scharnhorst*. Von G. H. Klippel. 2 The. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Das Leben des Feldmarschalls Grafen Neithardt von Gneisenau*. Von G. H. Pertz. Bd. 3. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

will stimulate the author into something like liveliness; a duller volume than the present cannot be imagined.

Count Kanitz's defence of Ebel and his followers at Königsberg should rather have been entitled Anti-Sachs than Anti-Dixon\*, except that it would not have sold so readily under that appellation. Mr. Dixon is merely mentioned in the preface, and the only charge against him is that of having given currency to Dr. Sachs's version of the matter instead of Count Kanitz's, which the latter naturally thinks he ought to have preferred. Those persons, if any, who actually read Dr. Sachs's crabbed and prolix statement in the appendix to *Spiritual Wives*, will no doubt feel bound in candour to peruse the Count's still more crabbed and prolix reply. This will be an adequate penance for any injustice into which they may have inadvertently been betrayed.

It is a great and rare pleasure to encounter a charming book which is not indebted for its charm to the intrinsic attractiveness or importance of the subjects with which it deals, but to a pervading atmosphere of beauty and tenderness. Such a character was amply merited by the first series of *Pictures from Life* †, and the second is little inferior. There is, indeed, something in this of the moroseness, as well as of the tranquil contemplativeness, of old age; the closer acquaintance with the author's personality is necessarily attended with a certain disenchantment, political and religious prejudices are too apparent, and some of the sketches are nearer to history than to idyl. Most of the book is, nevertheless, delightful, and much of it exquisitely beautiful. Paramount among its beauties are the pictures of the author's childhood, and the descriptions of the forest scenery of the Hartz. His reminiscences of his youth, if less poetical, are not less interesting. The most brilliant part of the book, however, is indisputably the long chapter devoted to the picture of a little provincial town. The pettiness and narrownesses of provincial society have never been more pungently exposed, while a peculiarly German element in the likeness renders it irresistibly comic. The entire chapter is a gallery of dainty cabinet pictures of characters whose singularity well repays the labour of delineation, and a repertory of anecdotes most felicitously told, and destined, perhaps, to supply the material of future novels and comedies. We have intimated that the writer is not quite so successful on historical ground, where antipathies and prepossessions come into play. He is evidently a Hanoverian pastor, and a warm sympathizer with the reactionary movement in Church and State. Of the justice of these views we say nothing, but opinions hostile to the spirit of the age, whether sound or unsound, can hardly be maintained without a tinge of bitterness. These chapters are, however, interesting to English readers from their portraits of the two British princes who successively governed Hanover. The picture of the Duke of Cambridge is exactly answerable to that bequeathed by domestic tradition; but although the unpopularity of Ernest Augustus is indistinctly remembered, it will create some astonishment to find him canonized abroad, whatever the rigidity of his orthodoxy. No doubt, in the eyes of Hanoverians who object to become Prussians, the otherwise latent virtues of the House of Guelph are called into singular prominence by the present situation of the country. The author's pages abound with the most palpable political allusions, but he solemnly requests us not to see them, and we as solemnly shut our eyes.

The poems of Julius Sturm ‡, chiefly of a religious cast, are pleasing in tone and spirit, but more remarkable for piety than poetry.

\* *Anti-Dixon; or, Facts versus Fictions.* Basil: Riehm. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Lebensbilder, geschichtliche und kulturgeschichtliche.* Aus den Erinnerungen und der Mappe eines Greises. Th. 2. Hannover: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Von der Pilgerfahrt. Dichtungen.* Von Julius Sturm. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

Mr. DAVID NASMITH, who acted as counsel for Mr. HARLEY and the *St. Pancras Guardians* in the recent proceedings before Mr. BERE, has addressed to us a letter in which he impugns the correctness of the *Times's* report on which our article of August 28, entitled "*The St. Pancras Infirmary*," was founded, and from which we quoted. Mr. NASMITH says that he has compared the quotations which we gave from the *Times's* report—to which report we expressly referred, and which was our only source of information on the subject—with "the fair copy of the shorthand notes," and that "some of the most important are singularly inaccurate," while "in no case do they exactly correspond." Although complaints of the inaccuracy of a report ought to be addressed to the journal responsible for that report, we have no objection to give Mr. NASMITH's statement on this point the publicity which he desires. On the general question at issue we await the publication of Mr. BERE's judgment, and of the evidence taken in extenso.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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September 1869.

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Gold Half Chronometers, winding with or without a Key, from .....	36 15 0	Silver Half Chronometers, winding with or without a Key, from .....	25 5 0
Gold Hunting Case extra .....	5 0 0	Silver Half Chronometers in Hunting Cases, from .....	27 6 0
Gold Geneva Watches, examined and guaranteed, from .....	7 0 0	Marine Chronometers, from .....	35 10 0
Gold Chains, 16 and 18 Carat, from .....	£1 4s.		

Drawing-room and Library Clocks in Ormolu, Marble, &c., winding with or without a Key, Dials, Bracket and Astronomical Clocks, of every Description. Turret Clocks made to order. E. DENT & CO., 61 Strand, and 34 and 35 Royal Exchange, London.

**RODRIGUES' DRESSING CASES and TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS,** with Silver, Silver Gilt, or Plated Fittings in every variety.

MOUNTED and ORMOLU SUITES for the WRITING TABLE. RODRIGUES' DESPATCH BOXES and TRAVELLING WRITING CASES, in Russia or Morocco of the best quality, Blotting Books, Envelope Cases, Inkstands, and Bookbinders. CARTE DE VISITE PORTRAIT ALBUMS, of the best make, with Patent Leather Guards, in Morocco and Russia bindings, also in Ormolu, Walnut, and Comandante of new and elegant designs; and a choice Selection of elegant NOVELTIES for PRESENTS. At HENRY RODRIGUES', 43 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

**STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS.**—HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London. Prize Medal, London and Paris.

**FILMER'S CONVERTIBLE OTTOMANS** for Centre of Rooms, to form Two Settees and Two Easy Chairs, a great improvement on the ordinary Ottoman. Only of FILMER & SON, Upholsters, 31 and 32 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.; Factory, 34 and 35 Charles Street.—An Illustrated Catalogue post free.

**PARQUET SOLIDAIRES for FLOORING.** HOWARD'S PATENT, No. 1,548.

The only kind guaranteed to stand.

26 and 27 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W., AND CLEVELAND WORKS.

**TRELOAR'S CATALOGUE of DURABLE FLOOR COVERINGS,** comprising Cocoa Nut Fibre Matting, Kamptulium, and Floor Cloth, post free, from the Manufacturer, 67 Ludgate Hill.

**NOTICE.**—The POSTMASTER-GENERAL having decided that it is his duty to return to the writers, as "Insufficiently Addressed," all Letters directed without an Initials or Number to "SMEE & COMPANY, FINSBURY," JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY, urgently request their Correspondents to direct their Letters and Orders in full as under: JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY, 20 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, MOORGATE TERMINUS.

**WILLIAM A. & SYLVANUS SMEE, CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERS, BEDDING WAREHOUSEMEN, AND APPRAISERS, 6 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON, E.C.**

Ask the favour of a Call to look through their Stock.

**SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS (TUCKER'S PATENT), SUITABLE FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF METAL AND WOOD BEDSTEADS,**

May be obtained (price from 25s.) of most respectable Upholsters and Bedding Warehousemen, and of

**JOHN HENRY SMEE & CO.**

73 CHISWELL STREET, AND MOORGATE TERMINUS, FINSBURY, LONDON.

**A RAZOR which the INVALID or NERVOUS can use without fear of cutting themselves has long been wanted.**

**THE PLANTAGENET GUARD RAZOR**

Fully answers this end, it being impossible for the most careless operator to injure himself while Shaving; at the same time the Guard aids in rendering the operation of Shaving a luxury.

Price 6s. 6d.; in Ivory Handles, each 8s.

Of all Hairdressers and Cutlers; at the Depot, 27 Glasshouse Street, Regent Street; and Wholesale of

**R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LONDON.**

**CUTLERY, Warranted.**—The most varied Assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the World, all warranted, is on Sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at Prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the Sales.

	Table Knives.	Desert Knives.	Carvers.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
3½-inch Ivory Handles .....	13	10 6	per Pair 5
3½-inch fine Ivory Balance Handles .....	11	10	" 5 9
4-inch Ivory Balance Handles .....	11	16	" 5 9
4-inch fine Ivory Handles .....	28	21	" 8 6
4-inch finest African Ivory Handles .....	35	27	" 13 6
Ditto, with Silver Ferrules .....	42	35	" 13 6
Ditto, with Silver Blades .....	46	33	" 13 6
Nickel Electro Silver Handles .....	23	19	" 7 6

**BATHS and TOILET WARE.**—The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make this Establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, &c.; Pillar Showers, &c.; 25 18 1; Nursery, 18s.; 25s.; Sponging, 6s. to 22s.; Hip, 12s. to 33s. A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour and Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 18s. 6d. to 62s. the Set of Three.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON, General Furnishing Ironmonger,** by Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post-paid. It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

Electro Plate, and Kitchen Ranges, Baths and Toilet Ware, Britannia Metal Goods, Lamp, Gasaliers, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Dish Covers, Tea Trays, Bedding and Bed-hangings, Hot-water Dishes, Urns and Kettles, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, Stoves and Fenders, Table Cutlery, Turnery Goods, Marble Chimney-pieces, Clocks and Candelabra, Kitchen Utensils, &c.

With List of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms, at 30 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

**SAUTERNE, Vintage 1867, at 14s. per Dozen, or 8s. per Dozen Pints.** A very agreeable White Wine, free from acidity.—H. B. FEARON & SON, 91 Holborn Hill, and 145 New Bond Street, London; and Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

**CLARET of the excellent Vintage of 1865, at 12s. per Dozen; 7s. per Dozen Pints; 45 18s. per Half Hhd.; or 45 10s. per Hhd., duty paid.** Also, for use on Draught, in Four-gallon Casks, each complete with Tap and Vent Peg, at 4s. per Gallon. These Casks should be kept in a cool place, and the Consumption should be moderately quick.—H. B. FEARON & SON, 91 Holborn Hill, and 145 New Bond Street, London; and Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

**PURE CLARETS.**—T. O. LAZENBY, 90, 92 Wigmore Street, London, W. Wine Merchant.

No. 1.—Family Claret .....

No. 2.—Dinner Claret .....

No. 3.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 4.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 5.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 6.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 7.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 8.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 9.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 10.—Dessert Claret .....

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No. 111.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 112.—Dessert Claret .....

No. 113.—Dessert Claret .....

**THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.**

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.  
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.  
Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.  
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Karachi, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz:  
At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.  
At 4 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto  
At 3 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.  
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge, and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.  
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.  
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.  
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.  
J. THOMSON, Chairman.

**IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 Pall Mall, London.

Instituted 1820.

The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,800,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £260,000.  
The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income. It will hence be seen that ample SECURITY is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and most liberal conditions.  
The Company also grants Annuities and Endowments.  
Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, *Actuary and Manager.*

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**

1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C., and 16 and 17 Pall Mall, W.

INSTITUTED 1803.

CAPITAL, £1,600,000. PAID UP AND INVESTED, £700,000.

ABOLITION OF FIRE INSURANCE DUTY.

Insurances against Fire can be effected with this Company on every description of Property, at moderate rates of premium, and entirely free of duty.  
Policy-holders, and all intending Insurers, should take advantage of this concession to protect themselves fully from loss by Fire, and as the present is the most opportune time to benefit by the discount of 45 per cent. per annum allowed on all Policies taken out for a longer period than one year, the Directors recommend such insurances being effected.  
Septennial Policies are charged only Six Years' Premium.  
Prompt and liberal Settlement of Claims.

The usual Commission allowed on Foreign and Ship Insurances.

JAMES HOLLAND, *Superintendent.*

**ENGLISH and SCOTTISH LAW LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, 13 WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON. (Established 1839.)**

Directors in London.

Sir WILLIAM J. ALEXANDER, Bart., Q.C., *Chairman.*

Rt. Hon. THOMAS E. HEADLAM, M.P., Q.C., *Deputy-Chairman.*

George Annesley, Esq.

Sir J. W. C. Browning, Bart.

Frederick W. Caldwell, Esq.

Henry Charles Chilton, Esq.

Sir John W. Fisher.

Frederick James Fuller, Esq.

Preston Karlake, Esq.

Charles S. Whitmore, Esq., Q.C.

Physician—HY. WM. FULLER, Esq., M.D., 13 Manchester Square, London.

Surgeon—CHARLES WAITE, Esq., 3 Old Burlington Street, London.

Solicitors—Messrs. CAPRON, DALTON, & HITCHINS, 1 Saville Place, New Burlington Street, London.  
Every description of Life Assurance business, whether Civil, Naval, or Military, at Home or Abroad.  
LOANS granted, in connexion with Life Assurance, on Personal Security with Sureties, also on Life Interests and on Reversions.  
For Prospectus and every information, apply to the Secretary.

J. HILL WILLIAMS, 12 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London.

**HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,**

1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1834.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1869.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—60 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of the First Series.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1868), £1,252,171.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

**LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.**

For the Assurance of the Lives of Persons in every Station of Life.

Invested Assets—FIVE MILLIONS, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Annual Income—UPWARDS OF HALF-A-MILLION.

Assurances are granted upon the Lives of any Persons for Sums not exceeding £10,000, either with participation in Profits, or at a lower rate of Premium without participation in Profits.

Profits are divided every fifth year, four-fifths thereof being appropriated to the persons assured on the participating scale of Premium.

At the Six Divisions of Profits which have been made, Bonuses amounting in the aggregate to £4,164,147 have been added to the several Policies.

The Claims paid to December 31, 1868, amounted to £7,914,250, being in respect of Sums assured by Policies to, £12,931, and £1,801,250 in respect of Bonuses thereon.

Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained, and Assurances effected, through any Solicitor in Town or Country, or by application direct to the Actuary at the Office in London.

GRIFFITH DAVIES, *Actuary.*

**ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**

(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

CHIEF OFFICE—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH—29 PALL MALL.

FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.  
FIRE DUTY.—This Tax having been abolished, the PREMIUM is NOW the only charge for FIRE INSURANCES.

Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.  
Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.  
The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of Partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT F. STEELE, *Secretary.*

**SCOTTISH UNION FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

LONDON—37 Cornhill.

EDINBURGH—47 George Street.

DUBLIN—24 Dame Street.

Established 1821. Capital, £5,000,000.

INVESTED FUNDS.

Invested Funds upwards of.....£1,045,613 0 0

Amount of Life Insurances in force.....4,200,000 0 0

The Total Revenue of the Company from all sources now amounts to.....225,329 0 0

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at any of the Agencies throughout the Kingdom.

ROBERT STRACHAN, *Secretary.*

JOHN JACKSON, *Assistant-Secretary.*

37 Cornhill, London.

**THE LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION, for FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES.**

Incorporated by Royal Charter A.D. 1720.

OFFICES—7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and 7 PALL MALL, S.W.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

This Department is conducted free of expense to the Assured—an advantage afforded by no other Office.  
Enlarged limits for Travelling and Residence Abroad without extra charge.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Fire Insurances effected at moderate rates upon every description of Property. No charge for Government Duty or Policy in any case.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Marine Insurances can be effected at the Head Office, and at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Mauritius, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

JOHN P. LAURENCE, *Secretary.*

**LIFE ASSURANCE.—The Accumulated and Invested Funds of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY and its Annual Revenue now amount to—**

Accumulated Fund, upwards of.....£4,000,000

Annual Revenue, upwards of.....700,000

The Profits of the Company have been divided on Seven occasions since 1825, when the Company was established, and on each occasion large and important benefits have been given to the Assured.

A Prospectus, containing very full information as to the Company's Principles and Practice, will be forwarded on application.

Agencies in every Town of Importance throughout the Kingdom.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, *General Secretary for England,*

82 King William Street, E.C.

JOHN O'HAGAN, *Resident Secretary,*

West End Office, 3 Pall Mall East.

EDINBURGH—3 George Street (R.O.); DUBLIN—66 Upper Sackville Street.

**THE LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION.**

81 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(ESTABLISHED 1865.)

President—BARON HEATH.

Vice-President—ALFRED HEAD, Esq.

Trustees.

FRANCIS HENRY MITCHELL, Esq.

DAVID SALOMONS, Esq., M.P.

GEORGE FRED. POLLOCK, Esq.

JAMES EWING MATHIESON, Esq.

Directors.

John Bagge, Esq.

William Corrie, Esq.

John Coster, Esq.

Henry T. Curtis, Esq.

Thomas Devas, Esq.

Samuel Fisher, Esq.

Chas. J. Furlonger, Esq.

Henry S. King, Esq.

Joe. Johnson Miles, Esq.

Robert Post, Esq.

S. William Silver, Esq.

W. Flexman Vowler, Esq.

Has Policies now in Force amounting to.....£7,300,000

Has a Fund Invested in First Class Securities of more than.....3,000,000

Has paid Policy Claims amounting to.....£340,000

The Association employs no Agents, and pays no Commission in any shape for the introduction of Policies.

Its expenses are small, being little more than Three per cent. of its gross income.

It investigates its affairs every year, and applies the Surplus solely in reduction of the Premiums, which by this means have been reduced, on the average, One per cent. per annum for the last 25 years, and this increasing rate of reduction is expected to continue.

Premiums commenced before January, 1866, are reduced 50 per cent.

" " commencing Now are expected to be reduced .71 " "

These Reductions commence after the Seventh Payment.

EDWARD DOCKER, *Secretary.*

**SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.**

EDINBURGH: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

LONDON: 18 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

In this Society alone, Members can assure with right to share in whole Profits at Moderate Premiums.

In other Offices they may assure at rates as low, but without any prospect of additions; or they may obtain the right to Profits, but only by payment of excessive rates.

TRANSFER OF ASSURANCES.

From its very moderate rates this Society is peculiarly suited to the case of those who may have reasons for discontinuing their Policies, and assuring afresh in an Office of undoubted stability. Even after several years this may be effected without much (if any) pecuniary loss.

Realised Funds, from accumulation of Premiums alone, above £1,600,000—the increase in 1868 being £135,000, not exceeded in that year, it is believed, by any British Office not an amalgamation.

Subsisting Assurances, £5,500,000.

For full information as to Investments see the Annual Reports, of which Copies may be had on application.

The "Insurance Register" (Kent & Co., London) gives inquiries the means of judging as to the financial position of the various Offices. The facts there brought together show that no Office gives evidences of greater progress or stability than the SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**

3 PRINCES STREET, BANK, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1835 ON THE MUTUAL PRINCIPLE.

Directors.

Daniel Burgess, Esq., Bristol.

Peter Cator, Esq.

Thomas Charrington, Esq.

Henry W. Daughish, Esq.

Francis J. Delafosse, Esq.

Frederick Engelhardt, Esq.

Edw. Glasbrook, Esq., Liverpool.

Alex. P. Hogarth, Esq., Aberdeen.

Chandos Wren-Hoskyns, Esq., M.P.

Henry Kelbel, Esq.

Joseph S. Lecher, Esq.

Thomas Lloyd, Esq., Birmingham.

Daniel P. Lee, Esq.

Joseph Pease, Esq., Darlington.

Henry Sturt, Esq.

George Vaughan, Esq.

Richard S. Wilkinson, Esq.

The greatest economy is exercised in the management, the Expenses not exceeding Three and a half per cent. on the gross Income. No Agents being employed, the Directors rely for the introduction of business mainly on the co-operation of Members. No Commission has ever been allowed, by which it is calculated that upwards of £125,000 have been saved.

The whole of the Profits are applied to the reduction of the Premiums of Members of Five years' standing or upwards.

The Assets in hand amount to upwards of 75 per cent. of all Premiums received, and to nearly 32 per cent. of the entire Sum assured.

The Sum Assured.....£4,000,000

" Gross Income.....185,000

" Accumulated Fund.....1,375,000

" Total Claims paid.....1,140,000

" Profits returned to Members in reduction of Premiums.....860,000

For the Year ending the 4th of April, 1870, an Abatement of Premium on Members' Assurances, First Series, has been declared at the rate of 56 per cent.

Prospectuses and detailed Accounts may be obtained on application at the Office.

September 1869. HENRY MARSHALL, *Actuary.*

**DIVIDENDS 5 and 10 to 20 PER CENT.**

For Safe and Profitable Investments

Read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR (post free).

It contains all the best-paying and safest Stock and Share Investments of the Day.

CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, will find the above Investment Circular a safe, valuable, and reliable Guide.

Messrs. SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 33 Poultry, London, E.C.

(Established 1822.) Bankers, London and Westminster, Lothbury, E.C.

**ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.**

MAPPIN and WEBB request a VISIT to their Oxford Street SHOW ROOMS, in which are displayed complete SERVICES of ELECTRO-SILVER

DINNER SERVICES. PLATE CHESTS. BISCUIT BOXES.

DESSERT SERVICES. AND CANTINE CASES. CRUET STANDS.

TEA AND COFFEE SPOONS AND FORKS. SPIRIT FRAMES.

SERVICES. DESSERT KNIVES AND BUTTER COOLERS.

TEA TRAYS AND FORKS IN CASES. KETTLES AND STANDS.

SALVERS.

All Manufactured at MAPPIN & WEBB'S Winsley Street and Sheffield Factories.

WEST-END SHOW ROOMS. CITY WAREHOUSE.

77 AND 78 OXFORD STREET. 71 AND 72 CORNHILL.

MAPPIN & WEBB.



**IRON WINE BINS.**—FARROW & JACKSON, Wine and Spirit Merchants' Engineers, Manufacturers of Iron Wine Bins, Bar Fittings for Spirit Stores, Sealing Wax, and every article required for Wine, from the Press to crush the Grapes to the Denaturing Machine for the Table.—Is Great Tower Street, 8 Haymarket, and 58 Mansell Street, London; and 23 Rue du Pont Neuf (between the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Honoré), Paris.

French Wine Bins—Open, 12s.; Locking-up, 27s., per 100 Bottles.

**ALLSOPP'S PALE and BURTON ALES.**—The above ALES are now being supplied in the finest condition, in Bottles and in Casks, by FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, & CO., at their New London Bridge Stores, London Bridge, S.E.

**FIELD'S "TRANSPARENT HONEY" SOAP** in Tablets, 5 lb. beautifully Scented, and "YORK and LANCASTER" Tablets. Exquisite Rose Perfume. Both the above packed in handsome Boxes of 3 Tablets each, 1s. per Box. Wholesale—J. C. & J. FIELD, 35 UPPER MARSH, LAMBETH, S.E.

**DR. DE JONGH'S**  
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